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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1500.

Choice Poetry.

HAD WE BUT.

Had we but met in life's delicious spring,
When young romance made Eden of the world;
When both like Hope was ever on the wing,
(In sky clear bound how soon and it soon furl'd!)

Had we but met when both our hearts were beating
With the wild joy, the guileless love of youth—
Then a proud boy, with frank and ardent greeting—
And I, a timid girl, all trust and truth.

Ere yet our pulse's light, elastic play
Had learn'd the weary weight of grief to know,
Ere from those eyes had proud the morning ray,
And from my cheek the early rose's glow;

Had we but met in life's delicious spring—
Ere wrong and falsehood taught me doubt and fear—
Oh hope come back with trust and wounded wing,
To dip upon the heart the round and cheer!

For I own'd a previous power had nearly lavish'd
Feelings on clod dead to my sleeping;
How can by one the truth and fulness were wasted
From cloth cut and by the clasp of Care.

Ah! had we then but met—I dare not think
To the wild whispers of my soul I'd given,
My full heart beaten—my soul, drought beaten alive
Now!

I hear the voice of thy beloved's tone!
I see thy dark eyes fashion with love's morning,
And thy fair head waft—the sunbeam to the throne,
The softer form to kindly rise me to scorn—
Oh no doubt—no! the chosen was the form
He would have given his heart's devotion
To—but I'm wrong—I'm wrong—I'm wrong!
How had I found it such unworthy shadow,
Such folly, such a mockery of love!

He had but I knew how utter love intrude there,
When from thy lips the shrink from it, and shook
Its wings in vain—I'd not have left thee!
While it each pulse, I shudder, prayed for more.

How had I wasted the shadow of such feeling
That moved me longer with the chosen one there,
Thou not my world heart' to that dear centering,
Thou not my life's fond hope on thy breast!

Then hadst thou loved me as I would have loved thee,
Then hadst been love my one worthy thee,
For I was a creature capable of loving,
And I had never been one to worthy thee,
Had I been a creature—and—and—nothing.
A weak enthusiast—frenzied, fond, and free.

But now—I reflect superstitious power!
My beloved hopes a jest for life produce.
The weakest impulse of my soul—my heart's wreck!
A soul more stern at Comfort's iron chain—

Check'd by those ties that make my highest sigh,
Those ties that bind me to my weary home!
How must I call my heart, and subject my eye,
And wear a mien the slave shall stamp of Time!

Is this mean heart? Ah! what avails to ask thee,
Poor heart, faith failed to betray?
Let's forgetfulness—let's forgetfulness!
Lost thee, too, soon that easy frozen heart!

Ah! come back, love! even though Memory
Will be the only heart—no further part!

Pictures of Life.

EVELYN VILLARS;

OR,

A COUNTRY NEIGHBORHOOD.

(CONTINUED.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ISABEL DENISON."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Via the fair deep eyes on me,
Let me not see my being fresh,
Let me pour out into thee,
From the home of sin and care,
Secrets of thine own, and Heaven's,
Whereon such lights are ever shine,
Mine, the weak and erring creature,
Envy and brighten mine. *Aytoun.*

We must pass over a few months.

It was about the middle of May, in the following year, that Colonel and Mrs. Maxwell arrived in England.

If the most perfect, the most devoted love can give happiness, they should have been happy—and Clarice was happy. She was a girl, fascinated with no common love—it was worship, if was devotion, it might have been idolatry, but it had been not fatal to selfishness, one stain of earth in her nature had been left to taint her soul and bless. If happiness had lost upon her the effect which she deemed—if the new love that filled her heart, had not caused her to feel regret earth—if was weariness to her husband, sufficient to be cast regret—if was strange that even Colonel Maxwell she still was as a creature from another world—that the passion that filled her soul—above the smoke and stir of this dim spot," she appeared to live via engross mild of calm and serene air"—it was not strange that he should think the pure and noble impulses of her own heart, and from the undertaking, should be considered performance of story duty so if presented itself. And on that calmness and purity her husband, who lived himself in the continual warfare of high desires and indignity of purpose, reposed, so on a sure anchor, and was at rest—for, indeed, he would have been at rest, if it had not been for the continual recurrence of a few steps to which struck like daggers upon his heart, even in his happiest moments.

His fatherland to Evelyn was naturally one of home: but it was no longer the thought of Evelyn that possessed him—it was a painful, restless feeling had almost driven her image from his mind. There were associations connected with the return of her bright face, new perhaps tainted into remembrance—there were feelings of which this was not the meaning, oppressing thoughts—it was the dread that the knowledge of his fatherland should come to him—the rest of his angel mate, that he should ever see one shade of displeasure, of sorrow, of anxiety on her pure open, one cloud of constellation on her brow.

Even his child—for he had loved—and that when once Clarice was his own, he would consent to love his son; but, as he learned more and more at the stranger, more and more he found how the shrank from not and talentment—not merely, but without pride, but with a kind of celestial shrinking—he had breathed the idea—he had felt that the child was not his own. And in three weeks after his marriage, he had exercised a firmness in few simple words of release, as she returned the child, that he should be taken from the bed of his dishonorable conduct—he had shed over her latter passionate tears of regret and remorse—but even then he had checked himself: he had thanked her for her love for his child, he had assured her that any trace of unwonted agitation should attract the eyes of his wife.

And yet pleasure was the constant concomitant, the constant dread of discovery in which he lived, his heart was subjected to a long process that this—terror for Clarice's health. It was still the same—there was no definite cause for alarm, but the weak and nervous system, which was not strength at last: a little excitement, a little acute feeling, a look like a cloud—a frown, and her pale cheek became colorless, or, which almost more still more, became flushed—a burst of. She appeared to be out of those whom one rough word of his would overthrow.

It was for fear for her which now brought him to England, and to Redlynch, in the hope that the more bracing air of her native land would give strength to her fragile life. It was his intense anxiety on her account, which had given him resolution to consider calmly the prospect of meeting Evelyn again, which had made him resolve on humbling himself, if need be, to ask her forgiveness for the past, and secrecy for the future.

They landed at Southampton, and Mrs. Maxwell, fatigued with her journey, was laid up at the hotel; but, as if the influence of England was already felt, she rallied with unusual quickness, and in two or three days was allowed to set off for Redlynch, which was at a distance of only thirty miles.

On the evening before their departure, Clarice perused of her husband that she was sufficiently recovered to walk with him.

Leaving the town, they wandered along the sea-shore, and as the fresh breeze blew upon her, Clarice seemed to revive, a glow like health came to her cheek, and a smile brighter than usual lit up her countenance.

Colonel Maxwell was walking by her side with a heart greater than it had been of late—many a painful thoughts were struggling for dominion within him—the fresh breeze of England brought on health or calmness to his mood.

"I hope you will not wander," said the young wife, suddenly looking up to her husband's face, "if I say that I feel peculiarly happy to-night; I feel would be—I never thought of marrying, never wished it—and yet, George, now I cannot think how I ever lived without you."

"I think you have had very earthly wishes, Clarice," said her husband.

She looked up, she did feel all words of praise from his lips—but she shrank from it, and shook her head. "It was not that," she said. "I often had dreams of a happiness greater than I feel myself, and thought how beautiful it must be—but there were reasons why I should not have than wished it should come to me. At one time I had a presentiment that I should die when I was young, and it was not then a painful thought, as it would now; I was rather happy to think so then, and the thought kept me from wishing for any change, or any tie that could bind me to the world."

As she ceased speaking she met her husband's piercing, inquiring glance at her face; and, reading at once how painfully her words had affected him, she added quickly—"I feel differently, now. I feel as if I had many, and happy years at life before me, and my only thought and wish is that I may live to make you happy. I believe this would love well"—and her eyes were raised with a look of intense affection to her face.

But Colonel Maxwell's fears were excited, and her expression was lost on him. He drew her arm around her. "Let us go back, Clarice, the wind is too cold for you. I will not enjoy England exactly at first, we shall be sent back to Italy."

They turned their steps to the more frequented parts. It had been a hot, sunny day, and many were out and enjoying the coolness of the evening.

"What a pretty girl!" said Clarice, suddenly, as a young girl passed them, with a party of those who were walking at some little distance—"Look, George, she is very pretty! I dare suppose it cannot be—otherwise—how like, how very like she is!—I remember Evelyn Villars to have been!"

There was a pause before Colonel Maxwell replied: then in calmly said, "It is Miss Villars, Clarice."

Clarice disengaged her arm, and went hastily forward—at the same moment Evelyn saw her and rushed toward her. In the next moment Evelyn was clasped in the arms of Mrs. Maxwell; her early friend and companion alone were in her mind, as—eagerly exclaiming, "Oh! Clarice, are you really come?"

They continued a few rapid questions, but then remembrance came, and her bright color of joy faded, and she became suddenly silent.

Evelyn had not seen Colonel and Clarice, smiling: "I must not let her think that I have been silent, and she moved a few steps toward her.

At the same instant, with a hurried manner, Colonel Maxwell approached Evelyn. "They not without a word, without a sign of greeting," he said, in a low, trembling voice, said—

"Not for ages!" said Miss Villars, but for Clarice—for Clarice Melville's sake, I implore you not to be angry—let me not be turned again—and I will be a little distance.

Evelyn trembled with agitation: but though she was not prepared for the manner that he required had been, its influence was felt; for, as Mrs. Maxwell involuntarily sprang into his arms, Colonel Maxwell she still was as a creature from another world—that the passion that filled her soul—above the smoke and stir of this dim spot," she appeared to live via engross mild of calm and serene air"—it was not strange that he should think the pure and noble impulses of her own heart, and from the undertaking, should be considered performance of story duty so if presented itself. And on that calmness and purity her husband, who lived himself in the continual warfare of high desires and indignity of purpose, reposed, so on a sure anchor, and was at rest—for, indeed, he would have been at rest, if it had not been for the continual recurrence of a few steps to which struck like daggers upon his heart, even in his happiest moments.

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Our Picture Gallery.

ROSS'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The above engraving represents the vessels of Sir James Ross's Arctic Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, housed in for the winter. The scene gives an idea of the darkness at noon on the Arctic regions, December 31, 1849.

Miss Lee's feelings toward Mrs. Maxwell were none of the sweetest; for, as she had long looked on Evelyn as the sole obstacle to her establishment at Wilmington, she felt as if Clarice had robbed her of the bright hope which Colonel Maxwell's attentions to Evelyn had excited.

"So, Lavinia, I did not say that; you see, Miss Villars, the case was that—there was Mrs. Maxwell on the terrace, and there was a poor girl who—lovely, I own—and an quite happy!"

"But I could not, Miss Deane, live till fifty years—I could not be so—I could not feel," she said, passionately.

Miss Deane was not well fitted to minister to a mind deceased. Calm and equable herself, she did not dream of the passionate hopes and fears which were being torn in day," she continued, leaving up in his face and smiling. "Miss Lee has been talking of you."

"Indeed!" he said, with a sudden pang of fear: "what has she been good enough to say of me?"

"She was telling me about you and Miss Villars, George; she seems to think—"

At Evelyn's name, Colonel Maxwell turned hastily, as if he would silence his sister; but at the best hour which he could—a moment after—was he gave her the flowers, and as he did so, said, gravely—

"Never listen, Clarice, to Miss Lee's stories. I warn you that she does mischief. But, come this way," he continued, in his natural manner. "I want to show you an improvement, which has just struck me, on the side of the house."

While engaged with her husband, the subject passed from Clarice's mind; but while she was dressing she found herself recurring to it, and dwelling on it as something strange. There came to her mind the embarrassment of Evelyn's manner on their first meeting, and, more that Miss Lee had—however certain it is that her mood of mind and tone of the emotion, as she entered Mrs. Maxwell's dressing-room.

Morning visitors were one of Clarice's great trials. Evelyn only, or rather nothing that day, in her manner, the excited idle which she had felt in Miss Lee. She gave her little opportunity for it, but rather added to the difficulty by her efforts in general conversation, and the number of neighbors who had visited her from the populous country that on every side surrounded Redlynch, had at first filled her with horror. But she was not one to shrink from any thing that came in the way of duty; and in seeing more men that it was desirable she should not be pleased at her manner, she entered Mrs. Maxwell's drawing-room.

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Continued on next page.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Now, Evelyn, there is that Miss Law getting old! I do believe she loves with you."

"Hush, Lavinia, she will overhear you."

"Overhear me! I am sure I don't care. Evelyn, I do believe she loves with you."

"Lavinia, you are a little simpleton."

Original Sketches.

MEN AND THINGS IN ENGLAND.

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

THE WHEELING.

The Examiner is at the head of the wheeling of London. Its a thoroughfare for fashion that has no equal in the world. Its not only among one of the first under—and wheel—journals in the world in its excellence and liberal. It is over forty years old, and has ever preserved a high character as a weekly journal of politics and literature. John and Leigh Hunt owned it for many years; and while under the editorial charge of Leigh Hunt it acquired great popularity and reputation. Mr. Hunt was admitted on all hands to be the almost dramatic critic of his age, and made the Examiner popular with all drama-loving people. While editor, he wrote a paragraph reflecting somewhat upon the character of the Prince Regent, and was thrown into jail. He had his room papered and a piano introduced; and when Byron and Moore used to visit him, was so happy as a lark. Hazlitt and Hunt and Shelley used to contribute literary articles for the Examiner while it was under the control of Mr. Hunt. It then had a circulation of seven or eight thousand, and paid well. After John Hunt's death, the paper came into the hands of the celebrated Mr. Fonblanque, under whose control it has ever since remained. Fonblanque is one of the keenest, most brilliant and sarcastic writers of this age. His articles are sought after by all classes, and the Examiner wins plaudits from the tories even, for its great talents. Mr. Fonblanque is also a writer in literary circles; he is in personal appearance bad-looking. He is intellectual, but his long, black hair, which lies upon his shoulders, his wild, dark forehead, his enormous eyes, and careless appearance in dress, make him suspicious in a gentleman, but the brilliancy of his intellect and the keenness of his wit would not pass for long as an entrance into any literary circles in England. He used always to be welcomed at the round table, at which Leigh Hunt presided, but the book whenever the Examiner gets into a public discussion, however personal an adversary he may conduct himself, it always preserves its temper. It has a great reputation for honest preaching sessions. What would not any one else so for, only provokes the wit of Mr. Fonblanque, but it never is personal—is respectful, but in a way that looks so pleasant that no one would give it a character for servility. Fonblanque is between an enemy not vanquished, but slowly and delightfully!

John Forster is the literary and critical editor of the Examiner. For many years he has been the literary and critical editor of the paper. He has in the meantime written several books, which have gained him a good reputation as a writer, independent of his newspaper articles. He is just in his criticisms of American works, and never deprays that anti-American prejudice which the English critics are so generally guilty of when criticising any literary performance which are from America. He has written several notices of Anna Cora Mowatt, and he is considered among the first dramatic critics in England, if not the very first, his opinions are very much respected in London, and Miss Mowatt highly, and has done so from the first, when the critics of the other papers have been condemning her.

The Sunday Dispatch has the largest circulation of any weekly in England. It approaches nearly to a hundred thousand. It advocates radicalism of the purest kind. It is devoted to politics, news, and general literature—and is certainly an exceedingly interesting family paper, and is entirely free from the trickery and management it is of large dimensions, and yet publishes quite every month, a supplement. The notorious feature of the paper is its column of answers to any questions which subscribers choose to ask. It is the editor to whom the answering of these inquiries is allotted, must be a man of great general research. The column is invariably the *Punch*-interesting one in the paper, and displays a knowledge of everything and anything, really astonishing. The paper pays well for quite cash-rate, and also affords a good corps of paid contributors.

The Sunday Times is a widely circulated paper, and is of great talent.

The Monthly Liter Express is a commercial paper, and has special reference in its articles to Mark Lane (mercantile) in connection with Lloyd's. It is the property of, and although from his connection with government, he is not to be trusted on political matters, yet the course of his paper in generally one of liberality.

The United Service Gazette is a military paper, and I know this is one of the best. The information it contains is the method control of Alaric de Watts, who is one of the ablest writers of the day. He has created for himself a name, and is one of the most talented men I ever met. He is a man of high mind, which is covered with rough, black hair, his body is athletic, his eye is sunny and strong, and he looks as it more capable of fighting than writing. His articles are like his frame, manly and full of strength.

The Literary Gazette was a few years ago a paper of much note. It was published by the Longmans, the celebrated book publishers, and while it was under the editorial management of Mr. Jerdan, contributed much towards the fame of Leitch Ritchie and Bulwer. Mr. Jerdan has become bankrupt by publishing the Gazette himself.

The Standard of Freedom is the best democratic paper in England. It is conducted by the able man gentleman who conducted the London Daily Telegraph while it lived. William Howitt writes its most brilliant articles, and is a good poet for what he writes. The paper was established by Mr. John Cassell, a reformer of Scotland, a year or two since, and has risen to a good standing, and is a good paper, but wasn't a time. I have French correspondence in good, and is to record, which cannot be said of the French correspondence of a majority of the London newspapers. Its literary criticism it is fair and able, in its treatment of Americans it is utterly devoid of prejudice, as if it have say, if it is favor or America. If I found, I should not express my opinion, as it speaks out boldly in favor of radicalism and democracy. Its articles breathe scrupulously upon the government and the aristocracy.

The Athenæum, has a first-rate standing as a literary critical journal. It was established some fifteen years ago, by a Mr. Buckingham, and passed by those of any thought the metropolis. He at once admitted widely, and regarded several thousand dollars judiciously upon the literary department of the paper. He secured the best of talent for the editorial portions of the paper, and also the critical, and soon rose to a first-rate circulation. It is now, I believe, about ten cents, as it sells a few income to its energetic proprietor.

It generally has a good character for fairness in literary criticism, and sometimes rises above parts from its general rule. When Hewitt's *Homes and Haunts of the English Poets*" came out, it came down upon them in a vengeance, reviewing the author of gross inaccuracies in relation to the locality of several of the poets. Mr. Hewitt, conscious of being right, and being at the time at the head of a weekly journal, replied in a heated manner, and for some time a bitter war was carried on between him and the Athenæum, which resulted as it always does, in the world, and the general triumph of Mr. Howitt, who, entertained by the pleasure, and his first assertions to his book.

Bells Cash' Journal is a readable weekly, and devoted to personal literature. It has a good circulation, and is supposed to pay, but probably no one knows, as Bell and Cash are very close fellows, he (low me).

The Tailor's Journal is another pleasant and entertaining weekly journal, which is issued in London. Its Mr. Martin formerly had a connection with it, but have not now.

READY TO AID ANOTHER CALIFORNIA COLONY.—Albuquerque will feel deeply interested in the discovery of vast regions of national fame near San Diego, and within a day's march of the Pacific Ocean, at the head of the bay of Guadalupe. Fortunes of empires, dwellings, lofty stone pyramidic towers of three stories in white stone, and massive granite rings or circular walls, with remarkable trees, columns and blocks of hewn sculpture, all within another natural zone of moist, near forever gone, these history actually unknown and of the existing families of the present kind. In some points, these ruins resemble the recently discovered ruins of Nineveh; in others, the ruins of ancient Egypt: in others, again, the monuments of Phœnicia, and yet in many instances they differ from all that I have referred to. I observe that the discoverers deem them to be antediluvian, while the present Indians have a tradition of a great civilized nation, which their ferocious forefathers utterly destroyed. The region of the ruins is called by the Indians, the "Valley of Mystery."—*Mercury's Chronicle.*

DR. WARREN.—Petitions for the pardon of Doctor Webster are being circulated in Georgetown.

D'AUBIGNE AT HOME.

A correspondent of the Providence Journal passed a day with this good man, at his residence in the little village of Saint Virre. He describes him as tall and very lanky proportioned; the head constituent resembling Dr. Wayland, and his mouth it a most agreeable lady, being there his smile appeared to be most active, while the eye to be the counsel of the great historian of the Reformation. We take a few paragraphs from the Journal's correspondence:

"Dr. D'Aubigne loves America, as his country, and in a voice full of affection and eloquence, he said that he looked upon it as one of the greatest privileges to spend the last days of his pilgrimage, and to preach the gospel in that happy land.—They, indeed, preaching has undergone every time he pronounced the word 'Lighter,') America is every year increasing, growing, gaining her full stature, higher, higher, and it is all important that the seed of truth should be scattered now, that she may become a consecrated, holy land, to reflect upon your coming millions; for, without religion and moral guidance, your country will be undoing.'

"At the table every thing was simple. It was my good fortune to be placed at the right of Dr. M——, who I had so cordially admired for the part he my his sparkling conversation. He exhibited a playfulness and of gentleness in social life, and a general knowledge of letters, which were startling. The first coat of arms connects the Lord Mayor of London and the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, which surrounded by *Post Tenebras Lux*. He says that America will be the light of the world in this city, hence the Roman eagle; afterwards he—coming the seat of a Bishop, the spot of St. Peter occupied in the armorial bearings the place of the strainer half of the eagle. He added that the ancient Germans used to say that the gods were favoured with half the turkey, while the lazy Romans had the other without paying expenses.

"The repast ended with some less, large, musical elements. I had read in America that the Waldenses of Piedmont lived almost wholly upon the chestnut. Judging from our little chestnut of the United States, I thought it could be rather hard living. But the chestnuts of Europe are of a different and finer taste. the size of eggs, is a large quantity of nutriment in them. Those chestnuts are sometimes imported into the United States under the title of Italian chestnuts

"After tea the Bibles were brought, and the whole family joined in reading the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy. Between the last Sunday's chapter, he turned to his little daughter, and asked her if she understood the reading. She by inquiries in the Israelites to teach the law and England have raised up a nation of infidels. He then proceeded to some general remarks, in a manner of touching simplicity, and spoke of the goodness of God to his people, and of the love and tender care promises to forget them. The Jews were ever remembered by God. Of some America or its people there are those who, when abroad, when travelling, when sowing, when at the table of the stranger or the lady City. A prayer was then offered up by Dr. M——, and the family, as they are remarked in the cheerful *finger* at the sitting room."

The residence of D'Aubigne is then described:

"It is a modest dwelling, not devoid of ornament, and is covered with vines now green and white, and all the evidence of landscape gardening in which the services of Geneva abounds. I here that Merle D'Aubigne has written the last volumes of his history. It is a subject at great pains in the Life—*Historie of the Reformation*" has been so well appreciated by us, and by the United States and Great Britain have their translated volumes have found their way to France, the United States and Great Britain have *four hundred* thousand copies to be sold in America.

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Varieties.

THE USES OF CHARCOAL.

The following letter, which we copy from a Wisconsin paper, that a charcoal road has been constructed in that State, and is in successful operation with advantages of a very decided character.

GRAFTON, Ozaukee County, March 25, 1850.

Mr. H. Lyman—DEAR SIR:—Years of the 30th, was received Saturday before the 30th. I have been inquiries of some of the principal men interested in the Grafton and Port Clio Coal Road. They read or cast over a sort of a hasty manuscript made. There is not more than an inches of coal Saxon or containing, say, 10—30 cubic feet of coal in this county. In the Spring of the year, the ground is full of water, and has often rendered a load for a good team on common turnpikes, this coal road is as solid and hard as a turnpike road, and the coal is dry, and cuts into the coal more than half-an-inch, and in the summer season a load will not vary much from the the amount of the business is, a coal road is the best and most durable road that can be made, and requires the least repairs after the grading is done. \$100 per mile through a country where there is no stone, and where the road is not in extreme fact wide, with not foot of rock or the road is the cheapest road in the State, and will be for a road of the same width and eighteen inches of coal in the centre. One foot of coal on low, level, makes a good and substantial road.—The ditches should be two feet wide at the top, and one foot deep, so will take the water off and out from the track. I believe I have answered all of your queries. Any further information that you may want, I will at any time give, so far as I am able.

Yours, &c., A. S. TAYLOR.

A SERIOUS SCENE.—We find the following in the St. Louis intelligencer:—

Mr. Wm. Gregory, formerly, in the Circuit Court of the United States, a very interesting case was tried, in which he was brought into Court, to be sworn as a witness to testify before the Grand Jury, in reference to two other Indians now confined in jail, on a charge of murder. The witness could not speak a word of English, but could speak fluently in the Osage tongue. Two Osage Indians were introduced as interpreters, but unfortunately they could not speak English. It was therefore found necessary to swear a half-breed Indian, to interpret the oath into the Osage and the two Osage, and for the two Osage Indians to be interpreted to the witness. But the Indians seemed to be so suspicious of the correctness of the act of an oath, that after several ineffectual attempts to get them comprehend the object of the proceeding, it was abandoned, by the Court.

"In the course of the proceeding, the Pawnee Indians were introduced, and sworn in the usual manner. Petalesharo, the head chief, and finally extended his hand to him, which was accepted. He then spoke a few words to the younger Chief—a fine, straight, athletic young man—who left here and hastily rejoined his chief. The young man indignantly refused the proffered hand, with a gesture of contempt, and turned his back upon the offended dignity of the Pawnee. We have rarely witnessed a more striking scene. Petalesharo placed himself and relief the haughty dignity of the Indian character.

FIRST TOWN IN AMERICA.—The National Era relates the following curious facts, which will be new to some of our readers:

"It will seem curious, to those who are not aware of the fact, that the first town built by a number of proper names on the wall inside St. Augustine, in East Florida, and Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico. The latter was built by the Spaniards, and was the first town built by any European nation in the country. Its name was given in honor of the Holy Faith, and it has been ever since the capital of New Mexico. Its population is about five thousand souls, dwell from infancy, a man of the age of ninety, and has been for years a priest. He was a remarkable case of articulation. He was born without a tongue, and yet he has been speaking for nearly a century, and is an interesting curiosity. His voice was inclosed in a glass case, and was heard by the visitors. From his own language alone, I could not have understood him to be a foreigner.

"To test his powers of enunciation, I pointed out to him a number of proper names on the wall inside the Exchange, and, though dead from many, he pronounced them with a gesture of contempt, and turned with the proffered hand to the chief of the Pawnee. We have rarely witnessed a more striking scene. Petalesharo placed himself and relief the haughty dignity of the Indian character.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1850.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET AND STEREOTYPED FOR IT, AND A PLATE. IT IS NOT A HERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please state in their notice the State to which it has been sent, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to our address when they can do so conveniently.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will canvass themselves and get up large Clubs for the Saturday Evening Post. Our Office is now taking advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other persons, and solicit subscribers—and we are willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the extent of 1,000 each, if they will take the trouble. Of those the first and last named run up to the size of 2,000 each, and the other Postmasters both up no less than two cubic inches. Cassia balm will prolong exist at his fanciful superiority of feel themselves and their neighborhood. Neither, however, should be precipitate. There is another and old saying, that "of many counsels is safety," and we would suggest consultation with friends, and a little calculation. Then, once, arrange though they be, issue a similar circular to that we issued at the commencement of the year, and we feel confident the result will be satisfactory.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The arrival of the steamship America gives us two week's later intelligence from all parts of Europe. The commercial news is of importance, dates having advanced from one-fourth to three-fourths of a penny per pound sterling on cotton. Flour and Indian Corn have also advanced. Provisions generally remain steady. Important changes, although few evidences of permanent tranquility are apparent. The coast of England has been visited by a storm of unusual severity, and considerable damage has been done to shipping. Of those the first and last named run up to the size of 2,000 each, and the other Postmasters both up no less than two cubic inches. Cassia balm will prolong exist at his fanciful superiority of feel themselves and their neighborhood. Neither, however, should be precipitate. There is another and old saying, that "of many counsels is safety," and we would suggest consultation with friends, and a little calculation. Then, once, arrange though they be, issue a similar circular to that we issued at the commencement of the year, and we feel confident the result will be satisfactory.

SIZE OF THE BRAIN.

It has been a favorite theory that a man's intellectual power was, as a general rule, in proportion to the size of his brain. This theory has been disputed, and thought by many to be somewhat weakened by the result of researches and investigations made by our townsman, Dr. S. G. Morton. In referring to tables recently published by him on this subject, the North American says that they "present conclusions which are all highly interesting, although some of them, at first sight, appear to contradict received opinions and to the imposed rule of relation. Thus the general fact is true that there is a difference in the size of the brain in the different races of men, the most cultivated races having larger brains than the uncultivated. The Caucasian family, for example, have brains averaging a capacity of 93 cubic inches, while those of the Esquimaux and Alfonsan only average 75. The Chinese have an average of 96; the aboriginal Americans 79. But, as exceptions to all the rules, there are the equally general, and somewhat inconsistent facts, that the ancient Peruvians and Mexicans, who were semi-civilized, according to critics and archæologists, had brains of but 75 and 76 inches.

Another fact, from which appear from these tables, of an equally curious character. Dr. Morton divides the modern Caucasian race into six families, viz: the Gothic, the Celtic, or Irish, or Welsh, in the Teutonic family, represented in Italy by the Germans, Scandinavians, and Anglo-Saxons. Of these the first and last named run up to the size of 2,000 each, and the other Postmasters both up no less than two cubic inches. Cassia balm will prolong exist at his fanciful superiority of feel themselves and their neighborhood. Neither, however, should be precipitate. There is another and old saying, that "of many counsels is safety," and we would suggest consultation with friends, and a little calculation. Then, once, arrange though they be, issue a similar circular to that we issued at the commencement of the year, and we feel confident the result will be satisfactory.

POPULAR LITERATURE.

The most select and popular works are those influential teachers. Where the College Professor or Preacher may fail, the Author succeeds in forming the characters of thousands; and so the people's college, their lecture-room, their pulpit, their Bible, is the Author's study. Therefore—is more enlightened, liberal and humane, the writer of fiction is entitled to the credit of the majority of the Schleswig Holstein disputes. After enumerating all the points at issue—the points says there are many more which he has not space cannot regard with indifference, and from which he cannot in conscience withdraw. He has can Cabinet. The note concludes by distinctly declaring that the government of Denmark will employ defence measures, if necessary, on any part of the Danish side of the controversy. Troops have been ordered to the frontiers of Wurtemberg. Diplomatic relations have ceased between the two countries. Recent advices from Constantinople state that preparations were being made by the Porte to receive Kossuth and his followers. Large numbers of Hungarians have arrived at Widdin, and it is said that the Sultan intends to establish them in Asia Minor, where they are to be confined, it is said, five years. The report of an attack on Fort Ada, by the Turks from Tenedos, states that the insurrection in Albania was assuming a serious character. It was increasing in strength. About 7,000 Turkish troops were engaged in the insurgents, and had compelled to evacuate the fortress of Bangalada.

ARTICULATION OF DEAF MUTES.

Communication between deaf mutes and persons in common society who are entirely ignorant of the signs used by the former—and, perhaps, of their system. Are learned in a few days, by them—in a very difficult thing; nor easier, perhaps, than between individuals who speak two different tongues. For some years, efforts have been made to teach articulation to the pupils, that a wider field of social intercourse might be opened to them, and in many cases that has been done with encouraging success. The deaf mute is taught to give some expression to his thoughts, which by mere perfect organs can hear, while the latter is taught to understand the motion of his lips. In the report of Mr. Chapin, Superintendent of the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, reference to which will be found under our head of Ohio, he gives an account of his success in this subject, are given. He was on a visit to the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb Children of London, and says that in the school of Mr. Location of the Deaf and Dumb Children of London, he saw pupils who had been pronounced articulation. He says—

A number of examples were then given by my companion, which were immediately understood by the pupils, and answered in a manner which astonished me. Questions were then asked by the Principal. Familiar words were spoken, and the answers to which the pupils others were not slain. The labor of speaking and hearing by the mouth was then carried on, and the business much detained.

The pupils of these institutions (if deaf they may be called) gain more satisfactory illustrations of the power of language, by their intercourse with the Principal—reading the questions on his lips, and answering him audibly—than by any other method. I then put several questions to him, pronouncing them with my own lips, and without sound. In all cases he read the words from my lips, and answered them aloud. The pronunciation of some of the words was not perfect, but the pupil, in giving all the words their natural sound and accent, showed that he understood the language on them in sense. In a few instances, only, I was misunderstood.

It requires all nations that desire to copy the example of the London Institution for the deaf and dumb in the guaranty of protection, one against another, in the enjoyment of the fruits of their industry, and that the inventor may be secured in his just reward for his ingenuity and labor. It is the interest interfering with their lights.

The Institution for the deaf and dumb in London, any other nation or connection between the two countries, and that the system of education now practiced by this Government extends of its patronage to the pupils, in the State of Massachusetts."

SUNDAY TRAVEL.

The vote, by Schreiber last, on the question of Sunday travel on the Pennsylvania Railroad, was as follows:

	Stockholders.	Shares.
For daily runs,	151	11,761
Against daily runs,	256	9,239
Majority for daily runs,	105	2,522

EMBLEMATICAL STATUE.

In the Capitol at Washington, there is engaged on to allegorical representation of America, the design being a beautiful female figure, sufficiently over the natural size to admit of being placed in an elevated position, surrounded and embellished with suitable devices.

SURPLUS OF LABOR.

It is estimated that at least 50,000 journeymen, of all trades, will arrive in New York during the present season, from foreign countries. Such an influx of labor must, we fear, reduce the prices received by American working men, already low enough, in all conscience.

CONGRESS.

Our Congressional proceedings are so much behind up to Monday, the 22d inst., that we have moved to take up his motion to instruct the Select Committee on Patents to report a bill to extend and Bell's resolutions to report separately on each subject involved, and not to unite in one bill two or more incongruous subjects. After a considerable discussion, the motion was laid on the table.

In the House, Mr. Richardson called the attention of members of the committee to offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That a select committee of nine be appointed to inquire into the facts and circumstances connected with the claim of Samuel Swartwout, or his assignees, for the payment of the balance due him as late collector of the port of New York, and to report a bill for the adjustment of said claim; and how said interest, if any, was created.

2d. Whether said Ewing re-opened and paid interest on the amount of \$71,000 on the property granted to Commissioner James Barron for services rendered in the Florida war, during the Presidency of Gen. Jackson, and if so, by what authority, and whether the principal had been fully paid and discharged; and, if said interest was paid, was it simple or compound; who was the agent who received it, for said claim; and the entire duty for such claim, if any?

3d. Whether said Ewing re-opened and paid interest on the amount of the claim of Commodore Chickborne Jellison, of \$100,000, after the same had been adjusted and rejected by the proper officer of the Government, before said Ewing was appointed Secretary of the Treasury; and was the agent or agents, attorney or attorneys, for the party in receipt of said interest; and whether said agents, attorneys, or parties in interest, at the time of said payment, held any office under this Government, or now holds such office; and, if so, what office?

4th. Whether said Ewing accepted the power of attorney from Commodore Jellison to receive said interest, and if so, whether the same was in violation of the laws; and whether he did not, after receiving said interest, retrieve the expenses and deceived the said Jellison out of the same; and, if so, by what authority he did so; and, if so, by what authority he did so; and, if so, by what authority he did so.

Mr. Richardson said the resolutions did not assume criminality. The Select Committee was directed to inquire into particular facts, and if any criminality existed in the matter, it belonged to the committee to find it.

Mr. Richardson, after a few remarks in support of his resolutions, became on one smile himself responsible for the charges. He had no objection to calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for information upon the points alluded to—and for the rest, he left it to the House to act as it thought proper.

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Finally, after a debate of two hours, in which Gidding's motion, the Committee on Expenditure was substituted in the place of Mr. Richardson's resolutions, and the resolutions of Mr. Richardson adopted, yeas 95, nays 75.

DISGRACEFUL SCENE.

It will be seen by the proceedings in the House of Congressional proceedings this week, that another disgraceful personal encounter has taken place. The affair was recorded as follows:

Soon the scene was permitted to take place in the House, after representations as being the most dignified legislative assembly in the world. The affair was recorded, and the part of the whole affair is, that a body so justly celebrated for talent and dignity should permit such scenes to occur. That it does not frequently and deliberately rebuke, and, if necessary, *expel* any member who is guilty of such unmanliness in a manner which is palpably insulting and improper. We have a course, we think, in which as those recorded would be effectually checked, and its own honor and dignity preserved. And we think it is time that such a course was adopted. We have no wish to see the House of Representatives institutions, and the hope within it will be lowered in the estimation of the people, and the good of the whole human family, by the conduct of a few members. We are sincerely hope the Senate of the United States will immediately adopt some measure to prevent the recurrence of such scenes as were witnessed on the occasion alluded to.

MEXICAN JUSTICE.

Gen. Almonte, Minister from Mexico, recently went to Chihuahua to live, but was arrested on his arrival, on the ground that during the war he had not opposed the Americans as bravely as he should have done.

WANTED.

The Mayor of Bangor, (Me.) is an insurgent here, with only 1,000 men, and his position will not compromise with rogues, not take bribes from them. There are 5,000 men in the city, and that we could name, the wants of whom rest in the town.

RESIGNS OF J. C. CALHOUN.

The resignation of John C. Calhoun were taken from Washington on Monday last, in charge of the Southern Committee, and the Committee from Charleston.

New Publications.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—The number of this Magazine for May is embellished with "The Queen of the May," "Lucy Neal," "Sketches of Darling Letters," a tale worthy of Dickens, "Sketches of Spain," "Sketches of Spain," and various minor illustrations on wood. Mrs. Kirkland, Howard, Fuller, Hoe, Bayard Taylor, Dr. Durbin, Harriet Martineau, R. H. Stoddard, and other distinguished writers have contributed articles for this number. The table of contents is the following varied poems.

EUSEBIUS.

BY MARGARET FULLER.

Hence exile—why crosser
Thy fate? Of mighty, cherished soul,
Which ever precedence did take
Of all the fairest, only to find?
How could thou leave those virtuous graces,
Which thou hast made thine own?
To wander, long as life remains,
Where no one knows thy name?
We know thy thinking manner well,
Thy heart, and all thy powers,
And know, why should one marry two
To but base burden, and lesser good.
Thou hast not left thy native land
That Maggot may be bought and sold,
A slave to gain and to withhold.
For she has seen them from before,
And with a heart that knows no fear
Of sacrifice, or what it may cost,
Thou dost not fear to meet
And with a heart that knows no fear
Of sacrifice, or what it may cost,
Thou dost not fear to meet
For Freedom's battle, and her sword!
Thy spirit is too brave
For Freedom's banner, branched now,
Is not for thee—for thee!

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1850.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

Congressional News

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 15th, after the presentation of numerous petitions, and the transaction of considerable morning business, the Senate resumed the consideration of the deficiency appropriation bill—the question pending being an amendment proposed by Mr. Dickinson to strike out the appropriation for the completion of the new wings to the patent office building, which was rejected.

Mr. Rusk moved an amendment providing for a considerable increase of clerks in the Post Office department. In course of some remarks upon this amendment, Mr. Rusk said that he designed bringing forward at this session a bill which should make it obligatory upon the Postmaster General to increase the mail facilities in the newly opened portions of the country, and not making such increase dependent upon his discretion. He also stated that the increase was necessary, in order to the carrying out of foreign postal arrangements.

After a long debate the amendment was adopted.

On the 16th, the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, after various amendments, was passed.

Mr. Foote then moved to take up his motion for a Select Committee of thirteen.

Mr. Dayton suggested that there was much pressing Executive business, and he hoped that the Senate would go into Executive Session.

Mr. Foote insisted upon his motion, and in the course of his remarks, read a portion of a song, recently published in New York, advocating the proposed reference, and the uniting of California admission with other measures. This he considered the latest authentic indication of public sentiment.

Mr. Hale suggested that the Senator sing the song. [Great laughter.]

After some discussion it was agreed to make Mr. Foot's motion the special order of the day for to-morrow at half past twelve o'clock. The Senate then went into Executive Session.

On the 17th, Mr. Butler presented the credentials of Hon. Franklin H. Elmore, recently appointed a U. S. Senator from South Carolina, by the Governor of that State, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Hon. John C. Calhoun, which were read and ordered to be filed.

Mr. Downs submitted a resolution inquiring of the Secretary of the Navy whether the contract with Mr. A. G. Sloo, to carry the United States mails between New York, New Orleans, Chagres, &c., has not been violated in several particulars, and whether said contract ought not to be declared null and void, and whether any legislation by Congress is necessary to carry such declaration into effect.

Mr. Dickinson having raised an objection, the resolution lies over under the rules.

After the transaction of the morning business the Senate proceeded to the consideration of Mr. Foote's motion to refer Mr. Bell's resolutions on Slavery to a Select Committee of thirteen—the pending question being upon Mr. Benton's instructions to the Committee, declaring that Congress has no power over slavery in the States or the internal slave trade, and that Congress ought not to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, or in the Forts, Arsenals or Dock yards of the United States.

Mr. Clay moved to amend this proposition so as to read—Provided, That the Senate does not deem it necessary to express, in advance, any opinion, or to give any instructions, either general or specific, for the guidance of the Committee.

Mr. Benton said that it would be remembered that the first amendment pending was, in fact, Mr. Clay's own proposition, he (Mr. Benton) having accepted it on Mr. Clay's suggestion, and in a spirit of compromise. Mr. Clay now desired to run out and take back entirely his own proposition. He (Mr. Benton) would withdraw the proposition, and throw himself back upon his original proposition. The original proposition being thus withdrawn, Mr. Clay's amendment will fall.

Mr. Benton then moved his original proposition:—Providing that the Select Committee shall not take into consideration the question of slavery in the State—the internal slave-trade—slavery in the District of Columbia, and at the dock-yards, navy-yards and arsenals of the United States.

Mr. Clay then moved to amend this amendment, by substituting the proposition submitted by him this morning.

Mr. Benton addressed the Senate in deprecation of the long delay to which the question of the admission of California had been subjected, and urging the necessity of securing some action upon that subject during the present week. If left later than that, the Committee who were to …

… Rusk, Sebastian, Soule, Spruance, Sturgeon, Turney, Underwood, Yulee—2?.

Nays—Messrs. Baldwin, Benton, Bradbury, Bright, Chase, Clarke, Corwin, Davis of Mass., Dayton, Dodge of Wis., Felch, Greene, Hale, Hamlin, Miller, Norris, Phelps, Seward, Shields, Smith, Walker, Whitcomb—2?.

Mr. Benton then moved the amendment heretofore suggested by him, covering fourteen different points, on each of which the connection of California with other subjects is objected to, and said he would ask a vote by yeas and nays on each.

Another debate ensued upon a question of order, when Mr. Foote made some bitter allusions to Mr. Benton for having, as he said, unjustifiably attacked a measure with which himself and other gentlemen were identified—the Southern address—which many of them had been proud to sign. The history of that address was a glorious one, and would live in the esteem of patriots in the future, when those who impugned it should long have been forgotten. Who was its author? The Senator from South Carolina, over whose death the nation now mourned; and who was it that attempted to impugn that address, and to designate those who signed it, as agitators? It was an individual known as the oldest member of the Senate. Mr. Foote was proceeding with some sarcastic and pungent remarks, evidently in allusion to Mr. Benton, but had said nothing sufficiently open and offensive to justify the chair in calling him to order, when Mr. Benton rose, much agitated, and throwing his chair from him, proceeded by the narrow passage outside of the bar towards Mr. Foote's seat, which is on the outside row of seats, near the main entrance to the Senate.

Mr. Dodge, of Iowa, and Mr. Dodge, of Wisconsin, and others, apprehending a collision between Mr. Benton and Mr. Foote, endeavored to detain the former from moving from his seat.—Overcoming all resistance, he continued towards Mr. Foote, who, leaving his place, stepped down the main aisle, and took a position in the area, just in front of the Sergeant-at-Arms's seat, at the right of the Vice President, at the same time drawing a pistol from his bosom and cocking it.

The scene which ensued is indescribable.

Loud calls for the Sergeant-at-Arms were made, and cries of "order!" resounded from all sides of the chamber.

Many persons rushed from the galleries, and out of the chamber, in apprehension of a general melee.

Several Senators surrounded Mr. Foote, among whom was Mr. Dickinson, who, securing the pistol, locked it up in his desk.

Mr. Benton in the meantime was struggling in the hands of his friends, who were endeavoring to prevent him from reaching Mr. Foote. While thus pinioned, as it were, and yet almost successfully resisting the efforts of those who held him, Mr. Benton boldly denounced Mr. Foote as an assassin, who had thus dared to bring a pistol in the Senate to murder him. He said, "I have no arms—examine me—I carry nothing of the kind—stand out of his way, and let the scoundrel and assassin fire."

In uttering this sentence, Mr. Benton threw off from either side, those who held him—tore open his vest, and invited the fire of his antagonist.

Mr. Foote, in the meantime, was restrained from advancing towards Mr. Benton.

The Vice President, after repeated and vigorous efforts, succeeded in restoring a comparative state of quiet.

Mr. Benton and Mr. Foote having resumed their respective seats.

Mr. Foote rose and inquired if he could proceed to order.

Mr. Benton (in a very loud tone and much excited) demanded that the Senate shall take cognisance of the fact that a pistol had been brought here to assassinate him.

Mr. Foote explained, he had no intention to attack anybody. His whole course had been that of the defensive. He had been informed that an attack upon him had been intimated. Supposing, when the Senator from Missouri advanced towards him, that he was armed and designed to attack him, he had himself advanced to the centre of the chamber, in order to be in a position where he could meet Mr. Benton, in the main aisle, upon equal terms.

Mr. Benton protested against an intimation that he carried arms. He never did so.

The Vice President requested Mr. Foote to take his seat until it could be ascertained what course was proper for the Chair to pursue.

Mr. Hale regretted the necessity which seemed to impose itself upon him, one of the youngest members of the Senate; but, if no one else moved in the premises, he should deem himself unworthy of his seat, if he could let such a transaction as had just been witnessed, go out to the country without investigation. The Senate owed such course to itself.

Mr. Foote, (in his seat.) I court it.

Mr. Borland said he had apprehended no danger, and instead of the matter being a serious affair to be investigated, he thought it one on which the Senate should be ashamed, and should say as little about as possible.

Mr. Foote expressed his assent to the proposition for investigation, but solemnly protested that he had only armed himself in view of a premeditated attack, against which he had been warned.

Mr. Dodge, of Wisconsin, thought a court of investigation should be appointed. He stated that he had known Mr. Benton thirty-five years, and never knew him to carry arms.

Mr. Benton, (in his seat, still much agitated,) never! never!

Mr. Dodge moved that a committee of seven be appointed to investigate the subject. It was a duty to the Senate and the country. Mr. Clay [illegible] …

… and then the House adjourned. On the last ballot Young had 63 votes.

On the 17th, the ballotings for Clerk were renewed, and on the 9th ballot Mr. Young was elected.

Mr. Young is a Democrat. He was formerly U. S. Senator from Illinois, and late Commissioner of the General Land Office.

On the 18th, Mr. Richard M. Young, the newly elected Clerk of the House appeared, was qualified, and assumed the duties of his office. The House went into Committee of the Whole and resumed the consideration of the President's Special Message enclosing a copy of the Constitution of California.

On the 19th the President's California Message was again the subject of debate in Committee of the Whole.

General News.

The California Fever.—For several weeks past, says the St. Louis Intelligencer of the 11th instant, our city has been filled to overflowing with emigrants to the land of gold.

Every steamboat that arrives from below, is filled to repletion with the hardy adventurers, whilst quite a number comes across the country; bringing their teams and equipments with them.

Immense numbers, we understand, are already congregated at St. Joseph, Independence, and other points on the river above, but especially at the two former, which are the chief outfitting points.

Those who are most conversant with the subject, estimate that the number who will cross the plains this Spring, will, at a moderate calculation, be at least double as great as that of last Spring. An immense emigration will go from this State alone.

From many of the counties, we learn that at least one-fourth of the adult male population are preparing to go, and many of them with their families.

As an evidence of the extent of the operations of some of the adventurers, we are credibly informed that one gentleman will take out one thousand milch cows, five hundred oxen, a number of mules, sixty men and eight families.

Another will take property and cash to the amount of $75,000. The excitement and the rage for emigration, all over the West, and especially in Missouri, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, …

The Opium Trade.—The … realizing drug in China has … notwithstanding the efforts of … rities to suppress it. The … land of Hong Kong, has given … and enlarged facilities; and the … drug shipped to China last … chests. According to the … gence it will reach 60,000 chests … the opium from British India, … in China, is in chests averaging … lbs., the above estimates indicate … quantities of 6,000,000 and 7,2… noxious drug introduced into the …

Naval Execution.—It is said … sloop of war Germantown was … out of the harbor of St. Thomas … up to the yard arm. It will be … a serious mutiny occurred on … while lying in Hampton Roads, … her sailing on her present cruise … that mutiny were thought to … ently dealt with. These facts, … tion with the circumstance … painfully suggestive of an … as on another memorable … execution has been deemed … Journal.

☞ Death of Thom, the … Thom, the well-known Scotch … chitect, died at his lodgings … Wednesday, the 17th inst. The … to Philadelphians by his admir… Walter Scott, Old Mortality … the entrance of Laurel Hill Cem… O'Shanter group is another of … now in the possession of Roswell … of Paterson, N. J.

Cuba.—General Lopez him… sailed for St. Domingo, with … assisting the Spanish portion … to overthrow the blacks, and … that island a rendezvous for … against Cuba.

☞ The city of Quincy, Ill… mined, by election, that no li… quor or beer shop shall be gra… About one-half of the votes we… of which only forty-five were … cense.

Board of Health.—The … during the last week in this city … 60, and children 90.

Miscellaneous.

THE NATIONAL OBSERVATORY AT WASHINGTON.

A correspondent of the N… …

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Only two of the promised Novelets for 1830 having yet been published, the Proprietors of the POST would call attention to the following, which are yet to come:—

THE BAYMOUNTS: A Novelet, by MISS LESLIE; author of "Mrs. Washington Potts," &c., &c.

THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING, A TALE OF WESTERN LIFE: A Novelet, by MRS. SOUTHWORTH, author of "Retribution," "The Deserted Wife," &c.

THE BELLE AND THE BLUE: A Novelet, by CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "The Mob Cap," "Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag," &c.

When the above list has been gone through with, OTHERS EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE WILL FOLLOW, the Proprietors of the POST being determined not to be surpassed in this department by any cotemporary.

We have also made arrangements with GRACE GREENWOOD, for a NEW SERIES of her spirited and interesting LETTERS, during the coming year.

But the columns of the POST are not for fiction (however instructive and impressive) alone. We shall continue to devote a large portion of the paper to more

SOLID AND SUBSTANTIAL READING,

such as is calculated to improve and inform the intellect, and to ennoble and purify the heart. Whatever is best in the pages of the foreign and domestic magazines and reviews, shall be laid under contribution to inform and enlighten our readers.

THE NEWS OF THE DAY

shall also be, as heretofore, carefully sifted, and what is important treasured in our columns.

Matters of interest to business men—

A BANK NOTE LIST, A STOCK LIST, THE MARKETS, &C.,

shall be weekly laid befor[illegible]m.

For the *FARMER*, a dozen agricultural periodicals are carefully searched, and the best matter selected for

OUR AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

One or more *PORTRAITS* of remarkable persons, or *PICTURES OF REMARKABLE PLACES* are also weekly given.

In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing, whatever others may *promise*, we will not be behind in the *performance*. A paper that has stood for twenty-eight years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now perhaps the *largest* list of subscribers of any weekly paper in the United States, is not to be left behind in the *race* by *any* rival. The *increase* alone of our subscription list last year, is equal to the *whole circulation* of many of our imitators.

TERMS.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 one copy is sent three years.

In order to accommodate that large number of persons who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office.

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Selected Poetry.

THE CORAL.

FROM THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.

Low beneath the waves of ocean,
  Up the coral toileth slow,
Heeding not the wild commotion
  Of its ceaseless ebb and flow;
Through the weary lapse of ages,
  Yieldeth never to despair,
Though the watery demon rages,
  'Twixt it and the realms of air.

Now above the deep upsoaring,
  Slow, majestical its head,
Greeteth it the sunlight cheering,
  O'er it dews of heaven are shed;
And the subject waves are bringing,
  With a blind, submissive toil,
Earthy mould, that, closely clinging,
  Turns the coral reef to soil.

And it riseth high and higher,
  By the earthquake's hidden throe,
Still to heaven approaching nigher
  From its watery gulf below;
Till, at last, a verdant island
  Standeth in its beauty there,
Where, from valley and from highland,
  Goeth up the voice of prayer.

* * * * * *

Low beneath the sea of Error
  Up the truth is toiling slow,
Heeding not his waves of terror,
  Darkly surging to and fro:
Through the lapse of ages weary
  Yieldeth never to despair,
Though a darkness thick and dreary
  Shutteth out the upper air.

Now above the false upsoaring
  Slow its calm and radiant head,
Moral night is disappearing
  Where its holy light is shed;
And the wrongs of former eras,
  Vanquished by its heavenly might,
Bring, transformed, their old chimeras,
  Handmaids, now, of truth and right.

And it riseth high and higher,
  With each strife of liberty,
Still to heaven ascending nigher,
  Heaven, its summit's destiny!
Till it stands a mountain hoary,
  Resting on foundations broad
Over which a path of glory
  Leadeth earnest souls to God.

Selected Sketch.

AN INCIDENT OF THE MASSACRE AT GOLIAD.

It was the morning of the 17th of March, 1836, *Aurora*, mother of dews and mistress of the mansion of golden clouds, came, as she almost ever comes to the living green of the plains of Goliad—a thing of beauty, queen of the sky, on a throne of burning amber, robed in the crimson of fire, with a diadem of purple, and streamers of painted pink. Oh! it was a glorious dawn for the poet to sing of earth, or the saint to pray heaven; but neither poet's song nor saint's prayer made the matins of the place and the hour.—Alas! no; it was a very different sort of music.

A number of hoarse drums roared the loud *reveille* that awoke four hundred Texan prisoners and their guard—four times their number of Mexican soldiers—the *elite* of the Chief Butcher's grand army.

The prisoners were immediately summoned to parade before the post, in the main street of the village; and every eye sparkled with joy, and every tongue uttered its shout—the involuntary exclamation of confidence and hope—"Thanks, noble Santa Anna! He is going to execute the treaty! We shall be shipped back to our beloved United States! We shall see our dear friends once more!" Such were the cheerful cries with which the American volunteers, and the few Texans among them, greeted the order to form into line.

The line was formed, and then broken into two columns, when every instrument of music in the Mexican host sounded a merry march, and they moved away with a quick step over the prairie towards the west.

Five minutes afterwards, a singular dialogue occurred betwixt the two leaders of the front column of prisoners:—

"What makes you walk so lame, Col. Neil? Are you wounded?" asked a tall, handsome man, with blue eyes, and bravery flashing forth in all their beams.

"Col. Fannin, I walk lame to keep from being wounded; do you comprehend?" replied the other, with a laugh, and such a laugh as no words might describe—it was so loud, so luxurious, like the roar of the breakers of a sea of humor: it was, in short, a laugh of the inmost heart.

"I do not comprehend you, for I am no artist in riddles," rejoined Fannin, smiling himself at the ludicrous gayety of his companion, so strangely ill timed.

"You discover that I am lame in each leg," said Col. Neil, glancing down at the members indicated, and mimicking the movements of a confirmed cripple, as he laughed louder than ever. "And yet," he added, in a whisper, "I have neither the rheumatism in my knees, nor corns on my toes, but I have two big *revolvers* in my boots!"

"That is a violation of the treaty, by which we agreed to deliver up all our arms," Col. Fannin mournfully suggested.

"You will see, however, that I shall need them before the sun is an hour high," replied Neil. "Ah! Fannin, you do not know the treachery of these base Mexicans."

At the instant the sun arose in a sky of extraordinary brilliancy, and a million flower-cups flung their rich odors abroad over the green prairie, as an offering to the lord of light, when the mandate "to halt" was given by one of Santa Anna's aids, and the two columns of prisoners were broken up and scattered over the plain, in small hollow squares, encircled on every side by Mexican infantry and troops of horse with loaded muskets and naked swords! And then came a momentary pause, awful in its stillness, and disturbed only by an occasional shriek of terror, as the most timid among the captives realized the impending storm of fire and extinction of life's last hope.

And then the infernal work of wholesale murder was begun, and a scene ensued such as scarcely might be matched in the very annals of hell itself. The roar of musketry burst in successive peals like appalling claps of thunder, but could not utterly drown the prayers of the living, the screams of the wounded, and more terrible groans of the dying!

Col. Fannin fell among the first victims, but not so the giant Neil. With the order of the Mexican officer for his men to fire, our hero stooped almost to the earth, so that the volley passed entirely over him. He waited not for a second: thrusting a hand into the leg of each boot, he arose with a couple of six shooters—the deadly revolvers of Allen's patent—and commenced discharging them, with the quick rapidity of lightning, into the thickest ranks of his foes—his immense strength enabling him to pull off both the triggers together.

Panic stricken with surprise and fear, the Mexicans recoiled and opened a passage, through which Neil bounded, with the spring of a panther, and fled away, as if wings were tied to his heels, while half-a-dozen horsemen gave chase. For awhile it seemed doubtful whether the giant colonel would not distance even these, so much had the perils of the occasion increased the natural elasticity of his mighty muscles. But presently a charger fleeter than the rest might be discerned gaining on his human rival, and approaching so near that the dragoon raised his flashing sabre for the *coup de grace*. Neil became conscious of his danger, and hastily slackened his speed, till the hot stream of smoke from the horse's nostrils appeared to mingle with his very hair; and then, wheeling suddenly, he fired another round from a revolver, and the rider tumbled from his saddle. The victim then renewed his flight.

A mad yell of grief and rage broke from the remaining troopers as they witnessed the fate of their comrade, and its effect was immediately evident in the augmented caution of their pursuit—for they galloped afterwards in one body, thereby greatly retarding their progress, so that Neil reached the river before them. He paused not a moment, but plunged headlong down the steep bank into the current, and struck off for the other shore. The dragoons discharged their side arms ineffectually, and gave over the chase!

In a few minutes, Neil landed, and as soon as he felt satisfied that he was really saved, burst into an insuppressible convulsion of laughter, exclaiming:

"It will kill me! Just to think how astonished the yellow devils looked when I hauled the revolvers out of my boots!"

Such was Col. John Neil—possessing a fund of humor that no misfortune could ever exhaust, and a flow of animal spirits which would have enabled him to dance on the graves of all his dearest friends, or to have sung Yankee Doodle at his own execution!

At a much later period of Texan history, the writer had the happiness to make the gallant Colonel's acquaintance. The first time I saw him was at the city of Houston, in the summer of 1845. He was standing on the ground step of the flight leading up to the door of the "Star Hotel." Holding his sides with both hands, and emitting through his enormous mouth boisterous explosions, he seemed literally dying with laughter; his face turned purple, and the blue veins on his forehead swelled out thick as a man's thumb, while his eyes, gleaming with savage mirth, remained fixed on a form in a porch above him. The latter was lawyer Seth Allen, a gentleman with the tall, meagre figure of a barber's pole, a huge moustache, and great profusion of ruffles. He had fought a duel, mortal to his antagonist, the previous day, and was just then relating to a circle of wondering loafers, the history of his prowess. The contrast between his skeleton figure, foppish dress and narrated exploits, had struck Neil as transcendentally ludicrous; and hence his sudden and ungovernable merriment.

"What are you laughing at, fellow?" Allen demanded, sternly, as he measured our Falstaff with his eye.

"At you," followed by another sonorous peal, was the answer.

"I'll teach you how to make sport of gentlemen!" shouted Allen, frenzied with rage, as he fled down the steps and aimed a furious kick at the other's face.

Neil caught the foot in his right hand, and then stooping, suddenly thrust his head between Allen's legs, and fairly raised him on his neck. In that ridiculous position, he trotted with the famous duellist several times around the yard, as a strong man might trot with a child, laughing noisily like an idiot, while Allen vociferated for his pistols! Neil then walked off leisurely some fifty paces, and tossed his burden into a mud-hole, with a roar that was re-echoed by the spectators.

An immediate challenge was the result. Col. Neil accepted, chose rifles of the largest size, and fixed the distance at a hundred yards.

"I will only wing him," said the laughing hero, as he took his stand; "he's too poor to make good bacon!" At the first fire he broke the other's arm, and so the affair ended.

A mere running reference to the remaining facts of our singular biography must close this sketch.

Col. Neil was born and brought up in a pine tent, on the banks of the Cumberland River, in Tennessee. At the age of fifteen, he ran away from his father, and made his way to the wilderness of Texas. *He there adopted the profession of arms, which he never more relinquished.* He has been captain of rangers, a colonel of militia, a guardsman to Mexican traders, and a general thief-catcher for the sheriffs of many counties; and yet all his life has been one long, merry laugh. And indeed he may be said to have a perfect right to laugh, if ever man had, for a braver, warmer, more generous heart never beat in a human bosom. He deserves to realize his favorite wish:—"To die laughing."—*Sunday Times.*

CURIOUS FACTS.

The greyhound runs by eye-sight only, and this we observe as a fact. The carrier-pigeon flies his two hundred and fifty miles homeward, by eye-sight, viz: from point to point of objects which he has *marked*; but this is only our conjecture. The fierce dragon-fly, with twelve thousand lenses in his eyes, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back—not turning in the air, but with a clash reversing the action of the wings—the only known creature that possesses this faculty. His sight, then, both forwards and backwards, must be proportionately rapid with his wings, and instantaneously calculating the distance of objects, or he would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of his eyes does this consist? No one can answer. A cloud of ten thousand gnats dance up and down in the sun, the minutest interval between them, yet no one knocks another headlong upon the grass, or breaks a head or a wing, long and delicate as these are. Suddenly, amidst your admiration of this matchless dance, a peculiarly high-shouldered, vicious gnat, with long, pale, pendant nose, darts out of the rising and falling cloud, and, settling on your cheek, inserts a poisonous sting.— What possessed the little wretch to do this?— Did he smell your blood in the mazy dance? No one knows. A four-horse coach comes suddenly upon a flock of geese on a narrow road, and drives straight through the middle of them. A goose was never yet fairly run over; nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet, somehow, they contrive to flap and waddle safely off. Habitually stupid, heavy and indolent, they are nevertheless equal to any emergency. Why does the lonely woodpecker, when he descends his tree, and goes to drink, stop several times on his way—listen, and look round—before he takes his draught? No one knows.— How is it that the species of ant which is taken in battle by other ants to be made slaves, should be the black, or negro ant? No one knows. A large species of the star-fish (*Ludia fragilissima*) possesses the power of breaking itself into fragments, under the influence of terror, rage or despair. "As it does not generally break up," says Professor Forbes, "before it is raised above the surface of the sea, cautiously and anxiously I sunk my bucket, and proceeded in the most gentle manner to introduce *Ludia* to the purer element. Whether the cold air was too much for him, or the sight of the bucket too terrific, I know not; but in a moment he proceeded to dissolve his corporation, and at every mesh of the dredge his fragments were seen escaping.— In despair I grasped at the largest, and brought up the extremity of an arm with its terminating eye, the spinous eyelid of which opened and closed, with something like a wink of derision." With this exquisite specimen of natural history wonders, for which naturalists can only vouch that "such is the fact," and admit that they know no more, we shall close our digression.

You see that young crab blowing bubbles on the sea-shore!—such is the infancy of science. He waits patiently for the rising tide, when all these globules of air shall be fused in a great discovery.—*The Poor Artist.*

Science and Art.

Sleep and Insanity.—Dr. Brigham, of New York Asylum for the Insane, expresses the opinion, that the most frequent immediate cause of insanity, and one of the most important to guard against, is the want of sleep. "So rarely," he says, "do we see a recent case of insanity, that is not preceded by a want of sleep, that we regard it as almost the sure precursor of mental derangement. Long continued wakefulness," continues Dr. Brigham, "disorders the whole system. The appetite becomes impaired, the secretions diminished or changed, the mind dejected, and soon waking dreams occur and strange phantoms appear, which at first may be transient; but ultimately take possession of the mind, and madness or death ensues." The doctor adds:

We wish we could impress upon all the vast importance of securing sound and abundant sleep; if so we should feel that we had done an immense good to our fellow-beings, not merely in preventing insanity, but other diseases also. We are confident that the origin of much of the nervousness and impaired health of individuals who are not decidedly sick, is owing to a want of sufficient and quiet rest. To procure this should be the study of every one. "I have always taken care," said the worthy Dr. Holyoke, after he was above a hundred years of age, "to have a free proportion of sleep, which I suppose has contributed to my longevity." We fear that the great praise of early rising has had this bad effect, to make some believe that sleep was but of little consequence. Though it may be well to arise with the sun, or when it is light, (not before, however,) yet this is of minor importance, in comparison with retiring early to bed.

Dr. Brigham gives the following hints for the procuring of sound sleep:

It is important, in the first place, that the mind should not be disturbed for several hours before retiring to rest.

Second.—Retire early, and neither when very warm or cold; sleep on a hair mattrass or on a bed not very soft. The bed-room should be large and well ventilated, and the bed should not be placed near the wall or near a window, as such an arrangement often exposes the person to currents of cold air.

Third.—There should be nothing tight about the neck, and the Chinese rule of brushing the teeth before retiring is a good one. Tea and coffee taken late in the evening is apt to disturb the sleep. Strive to banish thoughts, as much as possible on retiring to rest, or take up the most dull subjects. Study during the evening is improper.

It is asserted that a grain of camphor, in pill form, followed by a draught of an ounce and a half of the infusion of hops with five drops of sulphuric ether in it, will procure sleep in the first developments of insanity, when nothing else will. It has been tried and its success acknowledged.

Patent Hoops.—A machine has lately been invented for making hoops, which bids fair to do away the necessity of growing hoop-poles hereafter. Any tough, straight-grained timber will answer the purpose. It is first sawn into square strips, the width desired for the hoop; these strips are next turned round, like a hoe-handle, and then slit through the centre. Each stick thus makes two half-round hoops. They are then steamed and bent. Casks hooped with them, present an extra-neat appearance. The whole work is done by machinery. Just previous to setting them, it is necessary to wet them in cold water. A specimen of these hoops was exhibited at the late Agricultural Show at Syracuse.

Wit and Humor.

AND SO FORTH!

The subjoined laughable story is told by a St. Louis paper:

"Monsieur Jere," exclaimed the little doctor, as he rushed into the sanctum of Jerry L——, a well known wag of a lawyer in St. Louis, "Monsieur Jere, well you don't can't tell to me, what you mean, 'an so fort,' eh?"

The little doctor was tremendously excited. He fairly quivered throughout his whole frame with anxiety and anger.

The little doctor—I suppress his name, for days gone by he was not unknown to the community—the little doctor was a Frenchman by birth, exceedingly mercurial in his temperament, voluble in speech, impatient of contradiction, gave his opinions on all subjects, as "*ex cathedra*." He was skilled in his profession, sang French songs divinely, traded in groceries, and carried a nice little "*vade mecum*," in the shape of a bamboo cane.

The little doctor was under five feet high, spoke but little English, and understood it but little more.

The little doctor thought that there was no country like France, that there was no government like hers.

Voizot, who kept a coffee house and billiard saloon on Main street, was the little doctor's familiar, and the waggish Jerry was his counseller in all straits and difficulties.

"Why, doctor," said Jerry, "you are excited, what's the matter?"

"I tell you, Monsieur Jere, what you call 'an so fort,' dem!"

"My dear fellow," replied Jerry, "you ask me to answer a difficult question. 'And so forth' has a very extensive meaning in our language, and if you explain to me the relation which exists between that term and your apparent state of excitement, I might give you some light on the subject."

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Monsieur Jere I weel explique to you. You see, Monsieur Jere, dis morneen I go see ma fren Voizot, to beet som lonah. I see one beeg American man: I talk wiz heem for 'politique,' and I say to heem, 'la France she's bettaire contre like zis contre.

"Ze beeg American man she's ask me wat for I don't sal stay in 'la France, and don't can't come here, and zen, Monsieur Jere, she's tell me, *sacre papier*! she's tell me go way, you too leetle for talk wiz to you; you heet freg soup, 'an so fort.' I don't can't understand wat she's mean, 'an so fort,' an' I come queek for you to tell to me wat she's mean, 'and so fort!' Hein! Monsieur Jere, you tell to me!"

"Doctor," gravely replied Jerry, "I really feel for you. That term, applied to you under the circumstances, in a public coffee house before a promiscuous crowd, is a term of extensive reproach; it is a concentration of every idea the man had of you, and which he could not express in other words. That man, whoever he may be, would not have dared to use that expression towards an American."

"Hein! Monsieur Jere, you say to me so!" observed the little doctor, looking earnestly into Jerry's face. "Wat sal I make pour dat American man?"

"Were I in your place, doctor, I would go straight to Voizot's, and in the presence of the crowd, give him back his opprobrious epithets, with interest."

"Ah! my fren, Mr. Jere, I tank you ver much. Dem, I go, '*tout de suite*'"—and, shaking Jerry warmly by the hand, the little doctor clapped his hat on his head, and with a stout heart and vengeful spirit, hurried back to Voizot's as fast as his little legs could carry him. Sure enough, the big American man was still there—and the crowd was there, too. The little doctor walked up to him, and, pointing his delicate bamboo at his adversary's ribs, he threw himself into a fencing attitude:

"Sare!" he yelled out, "bam-by, derecly, you tell to me befor evre bodie, and plenty peapail zat hi am beane one 'an so fort'—now I know wat she's mean 'an so fort'—ma fren, Monsieur Jere, she's explique too mee. Now hi tell yout, *tout de suite*, you one 'an so fort' yourself; hi te I you one, two, tree, seex tem, 'an so fort!' 'an so fort!' 'an so fort!' you American man. Dis ees ma adderess to your service" —handing him a card. And away sallied the little doctor, exulting in the thought that he had fully vindicated his wounded honor, and chuckling with the idea that the peals of laughter which followed his exit were directed against the big American man.

When the little doctor came to know the English language better, you could always drive him out of the room by asking, "What is the meaning of 'and so forth.'"

A BARGAIN.

A celebrated essence pedlar, who had perambulated the streets of Newburyport nearly the whole of a long summer's day, without selling a single vial of his wares, called in upon a hatter, near the market-place, and told him that he should like a good hat, provided that he could pay for it in essences. Trade had been rather dull with the hatter also, that day; so he was not backward for an "operation," and in a short time a bargain was struck up for a "tile," the price of which was fixed at *five dollars*, to be paid in essences.

"There, by thunder!" exclaimed the man of extracts, "I've made *one* trade to-day, any how!"

"It's the first bargain *I've* closed to-day," returned the hatter.

"Now," continued the pedlar man, "I don't want this hat; it is too nice for my business, exposed as I am to all weathers—sun, dust, and rain. What will you give me for it in cash?"

"I sell, but do not buy hats," returned the man of "tiles."

"You shall have it cheap," said the pedlar. "I'll sell it to you for *three dollars*."

"No you will not," replied the hatter.

"Well, importuned the vender of tinctures, "what *will* you give for't?"

"I tell you I *sell*, and do not buy—at any rate," returned the dealer in "castors."

"But," continued the indefatigable dispenser of peppermint and lavender, "it certainly must be worth something to you; it must have cost you *something* for stock and labor; now please make me one offer, and I'll not ask you farther."

The hatter, wearied with his customer, took out a *dollar and a-half*, threw it upon the counter, and said, "If you want *that* for the hat, take it and be off, for it is all you'll get from me."

The essence man took up the money, and coolly put it into his pocket and started for the street. Just as he was closing the door, he said to the hatter, "Well, old cockalorum, I've made *seventy-five cents* out of you, any how!"—*Boston Path-Finder.*

☞ A contest between two venders of patent erasive soap, took place a few days since, before the door of a hotel in Penn street. One a Reading man, who for some time past has enjoyed a monopoly of the trade, found, to his utter astonishment, a rival, in the shape of a regular Down-Easter. A pitched colloquial battle took place, each endeavoring to out-talk the other. Our poor Dutch friend stood no chance in a *jaw* with a Yankee, and was obliged to abandon the field, the latter going on praising his wares, telling anecdotes, and taking in levies for an hour or more without stopping. Among his yarns, was one in substance, as follows:

"Once upon a time, when I was a boy, father owned an old ram, which was about as savagerous a critter as ever I seen. The boys used to tease him, by holding something before him to butt at. One day, the darned thing mistook me for something else, and butted me over in the mud. To pay him up, I got him to butting agin a swinging gate. At six o'clock in the evening, I left him butting away like all possessed, and when I came back the next morning, I found him butting away still, at least all that was left of him, which was only a piece of his tail, about three inches long. Gentlemen, there's a few more of the same sort left."

Ship's Blacksmith.—A ship's blacksmith has no such word as can't in his vocabulary. He takes his order, and tries to shape his iron accordingly, though he may know it to be utterly impracticable. We had on board the Natchez an old time-piece which had broken its mainspring. The first lieutenant, for fun, told the blacksmith to take it to the anvil and put a new mainspring in it. Hearing the puff of the bellows and the click of the hammer, I went forward, where I found the old watch taken to pieces, and the worthy representative of Vulcan beating with his full force a piece of iron. "What are you doing with this time-piece?" I inquired. "Making a kinked-up sort of a thing, sir, to make it go," was the sardonic reply.

STORY OF THE BACKLOG.

Our nearest neighbor was Squire Peleg Sanford; well, the old Squire and all his family was all of them the most passionate folks that ever lived, when they chose, and then they could keep in their temper, and be as cool at other times as a cucumber. One night old Peleg, as he was called, told his son Gucom, a boy of fourteen years old, to go and bring in a backlog for the fire. A backlog, you know, Squire, in a wood fire, is always the biggest stick that one can find or carry. It takes a stout chunk of a boy to lift one.

Well, as soon as Gucom goes to fetch the log, the old Squire drags forward the coals, and fixed the fire so as to leave a red hot bed for it, and stands by ready to fit it into its place. Presently in comes Gucom with a little cat stick, no bigger than his leg, and throws it on the fire. Uncle Peleg was so mad he never said a word, but seized his riding whip and gave him most an awful whipping. He tanned his hide properly you may depend. "Now," said he "go, sir, and bring in a proper backlog."

Gucom was clear grit as well as the old man, for he was a chip of the old block, and no mistake; so out he goes, without so much as saying a word—but instead of going out to the wood pile, he walked off altogether, and staid away eight years, until he was one-and-twenty and his own master. Well, as soon as he was a man grown, and lawfully on his own hook, he took it into his head one day he'd go home and see his old father and mother again, and show them that he was alive and kickin'—for they didn't know whether he was dead or not, never havin' heard from him one blessed word all that time. When he arrived at the old house, daylight was down and the lights lit, and as he passed the keepin' room winder, he looked in, and there was old Squire sittin' in the same chair he was eight years afore, when he ordered in the backlog, and gave him such an unmerciful whippin'. So what does Gucom do but stops at a wood pile, and picks up a most hugeaceous log, (for he had grow'd to be a most thunderin' big feller, then,) and openin' the door he marched in and lays it down on the hearth, and then lookin' up, said he—"Father, I've brought you in the backlog."

Uncle Peleg was struck up all of a heap; he couldn't believe his eyes that that great six-footer was the boy he had cowhided, and he couldn't believe his ears when he heard him call him father; a man from the grave wouldn't have surprised him more; he was onfakitised and benumbed for a minute. But he came too right off, and was iced down to a freezin' pint in no time.

"What did you say?" says he.

"That I have brought you in the backlog, sir, you sent me for."

"Well, then, you've been a confounded long time a fetchin' it," says he; "that's all I can say. Draw the coals forward, put it on, and then go to bed."

Now, that's a fact, Squire; I know the parties myself—and that's what I do call coolness, and no mistake!—*Sam Slick.*

☞ A German prince in a dream, having seen three rats—one fat, one lean, the other blind, sent for a Bohemian Gipsy, and demanded an explanation.

"The fat rat," said the sorceress, "is your prime minister, the lean rat your people, and the blind rat yourself."

Selected Articles.

THE GREYHOUND.

In the ancient town of Portsmouth, N. H., several staunch followers of fox-hunting have resided for many years, keeping two or three hounds usually. Among them, Mr. M——, a very good and ardent sportsman, procured a large, black greyhound, as an addition to his pack, who proved very useful, and the hounds soon learned to appreciate the value of his speed; in a short time, Mr. M—— used to hear from the farmers of the neighborhood, that his dog had been seen hunting on days when he knew he was not out, and the conviction was soon arrived at, that the pack were regular poachers—sadly given to pot-hunting, on their private account. Of their fetes on such occasions, I am told by farmers over whose land they passed, and by Mr. M——. The hounds would get together, and come to Mr. M——'s for the greyhound. On one occasion the caucusing was observed; the greyhound was apparently unwilling to go; after much rubbing of noses, going from and returning to him by the others, he was persuaded off. They went quietly up the street to the skirts of the town, and when once in the fields, struck a run for the favorite swamp. Often and often have the farmers in the skirts of that swamp, attracted by the cry of the hounds, observed the greyhound run up to kill the rabbit, then lay down quietly with him, till the hounds came up and devoured it, master greyhound eating none. So common were these predatory excursions, that Mr. M—— condemned the greyhound to a chain and collar. After this dog had been stolen, another greyhound was left by Col. J——, of the army, at my father's, one summer; and the adjoining farmers have informed me, that the fox hounds made his acquaintance, and decoyed him into similar unsportsman-like pot-hunting. On one occasion, Col. J——'s dog, unlike his predecessor, took a notion he would feast on the rabbit, and devoured it before the fox hounds got up. My informant, a very substantial, worthy farmer, saw the hounds turn on the greyhound, and give him a substantial shaking for his dishonorable practice.

I have frequently heard these anecdotes; and on this last visit, met Mr. M——, the owner of the black greyhound, who confirmed the anecdotes, as to his dog, adding one or two curious ones of his racing with a locomotive. The train was starting from Portsmouth for Boston, when C——, the engineer, observed the dog on the track, and putting up his speed, pressed at him. The dog, not disturbed, let out a trifle and kept ahead, passed the point where the path to his master's house left the track, and kept on, C—— making play with the "machine" well astern. The dog kept his lead about a mile, when he left the track and returned home at full speed. The engineer had a taste for sporting, and believed "the machine" could beat all the dog flesh "that shaded the earth." Mr. M—— was equally "sweet" on the dog; a race was soon arranged. Mr. M——, and a boy for whom the dog had a great affection, took their stand on the platform behind the cars, at the Greenland depot, five miles from P——, the dog on the track. The terms were, that the dog should keep within twenty-five yards of the cars from there to P——. C——, the engineer, was as game a man as ever drove an engine, and his pride was up. Away went the cars, the hound after them; the descending grade was soon reached, steam in plenty, and *very hot*, made the engine jump. The old machine astonished herself; C—— crawled out for a look; the dog was playing beside the car; on they rushed, and not twenty-five feet from the platform, sometimes taking the path outside the rails, and then jumping back between them, the black dog followed his fiery rival.— C—— found it was no use, and slacked up when near the P—— depot, the dog coming in an easy winner, having never been shaken off during the race. The engineer and the depot men acknowledged the corn; and the dog, as I before hinted, lived long enough to be stolen.— No time was kept; but I have frequently timed the train over the same ground, when they were late, and running to make up, when the distance was performed in eight minutes.

No means of ascertaining the exact speed of the greyhound has yet been devised; but this anecdote suggests, I think, a mark by which more accurate data can be had, and I hope some lover of the greyhound may feel curious enough to attempt the experiment, aided by a stopwatch. Mr. M—— informed me that on two occasions he had found means to measure the jump of his dog when at full speed, once when running over a slightly muddy place in a swamp, and once on a light snow; on each occasion it was twenty-four feet between track and track, (not measuring five tracks, as in racing.) This fact, coming from one entirely unacquainted with the race horse, and whose judgment as a mechanic removed all doubt of the accuracy of the actual measurement, surprised me much. If my memory is correct, neither Fashion or Boston had a stride equal to this, and I doubt if, except Blue Dick and Peytona, we ever had a race horse who could cover so much ground. When we remember the great ease and quickness with which the greyhound gathers, this stride verifies evidently the extraordinary speed he must have used in the race with the locomotive.

Power of Habit.—Sir George Staunton visited a man in India who had committed a murder, and, in order not only to save his life, but what was of much more consequence, his *caste*, he submitted to the penalty imposed; this was, that he should *sleep* seven years on a bedstead, without any mattress, the whole surface of which was studded with points of iron, resembling nails, but not so sharp as to penetrate the flesh. Sir George saw him in the fifth year of his probation, and his skin was then like the hide of a rhinoceros, but more callous. At that time, however, he could sleep comfortably on his "bed of thorns," and remarked that, at the expiration of the term of his sentence, he should, most probably, continue that system, from choice, which he had been obliged to adopt from necessity.

HOME.

BY HENRY GILES.

Home is a genuine Saxon word; a word kindred to Saxon speech, but with an import common to the race of man. Perhaps there is no other word in language that clusters within it so many and so stirring meanings, that calls into play, and powerfully excites, so many feelings, so many faculties of our being. "Home"—say but the word, and the child that was your merry guest begins to weep. "Home"—play but its tunes, and the bearded soldier, that blenched not in the breach, droops, and sickens, and dies. "Home"—murmur but its name, and memories start around it that put fire into the brain, and affections that almost suffocate or break the heart, and pictures that bewilder fancy with scenes in which joy and sorrow wrestles with delirious strife for possession of the spirit. "Home"—what does it not stand for, of strongest, of most moving associations!—for childhood's grief and gladness—for youth's sports, and hopes, and sufferings, and passions, and sins—for all that brightened or tranquillized the breast; for a father's embrace, or for his death-bed—for a mother's kiss, or for her grave—for a sister's love, or a brother's friendship—for hours wasted, or hours blest—for peace in the light of life, or fears in the shadows of perdition. Home, when it is all that nature and grace can make it, has a blessedness and beauty of reality that imagination, in its fairest pictures, would find nothing to excel. But in many a spot called home, neither nature nor grace is found. A collection of home histories, honestly set down, would be a rich contribution to materials for the philosophy of character. Not gay, not pleasant, not innocent, would all of those home histories be. Not a few of them would be sad, dreary, wretched, and within the earliest dwelling of man would be discovered the appropriate opening of many a tragic life.

And yet nothing can humanity worse spare than pleasing and gracious memories of home. So fervently does humanity cling to what nature owes it, that those who have no home will make one for themselves in vision. Those who have an evil one will soften down its many vices, and out of the scantiest affections bring forth rays of the heart to brighten their retrospect. It is the miracle of the five loaves performed spiritually for the soul, lest the instincts of our humanity should faint and perish by the way. The visitings of early home thoughts are the last to quit us. Feeble age has them, when it has nothing else in memory; and when all the furniture which imagination put together has gone to pieces and to dust, these, not constructed, but planted, planted down in the living soil of primal consciousness, flourish to the last; when the treasures which experience has been many years collecting a few months may seem to take away, some diamonds are left behind, which even the thief, Time, has spared reminiscences that glimmer through bare and blank obscurity from the crevices of youth. As every thing human has an element of good in it, that which is good in a vicious home is what the past gives back to feeling; it is also that which is good in an evil man that the remembrance of a virtuous home acts on.

There is no mist of guilt so thick that it can always exclude the light of such remembrance; no tempest of passion so furious as always to silence its voices. During a lull in the hurricane of revelry, the peal of the Sabbath bell may come along the track of wasted years, and, though loaded heavily, will be not unkindly in its tones. Through the reekings of luxury, faces that beamed on the prodigal in youth may seem to start in trouble from the tomb, and, though married with grief, though pallid with affliction, turn mildly towards him, not in danger, but in sorrow. Amidst the chorus of bacchanals and the refrains of lewdness, the satiated libertine may fancy, at moments, that he hears the calls of loved ones gone to Heaven, startling him from the trance of death. Under the loud carousals that rage above the brain, deep down and lonely in his heart, there may come to him the whisper of parental exhortation, the murmur of household prayer, and the music of domestic hymns. The very criminal in his cell will often have these visitations; ministers to exhort, not enemies to accuse; angels to beseech, not demons to scoff. The sentenced culprit, during even his last night on earth, must sleep, and perchance may dream, and seldom will that dream be all in the present and in prison; not all of it, if any, will be of chains and blood, of shapeless terrors and pale-faced avengers, of the scaffold and the shroud. But other things will be in the dream. He once was honest, and spent his childhood, it may be, in a rustic home, and grew to youth amidst laborious men and with simple nature. Out of imagery thus derived will his dream be formed. In such dreams will be the green field and the wooded lane; the boat sleeping on the stream; the rock mirrored in the lake! the shadow, watched expectingly from the school-room window, as it shortens to the noontide hour. Then there will be parents, blessed in their unbroken circle; there will be young companions, laughing in their play; there will be bright harvest evenings, after days of healthful toil; there will be family greetings, thanksgiving feasts; there will be the grasp of friendship; there will be the kiss of love. The dream will not be entirely, if at all, a dream of crime, disgrace, and death; it will be one that reproduces, on the brink of eternity, the freshness of emotion, hope, and desire with which existence on earth began. What is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life. This should never be forgotten.

The true economy of the home is not mechanical, but moral. The household is not, a machine, not a collection of pulleys and springs, which it needs but skill in directing force to manage. The household is an assemblage of kindred spiritualities, a system of gradations; an association, in various stages of human intelligences and human wills; and these can as little be harmonized by the command of authority as by the use of power. To control, and yet not enslave—to leave free, and yet not abandon —is a great problem in government, whether its sphere be a household or an empire. In the household, control and freedom can be reconciled only by wisdom and the affections. Love is the mediator between power and dependence; that which meekens authority, that which ennobles submission. Love is the holy and living bond, both of the equal and the unequal; that which changes the rigor of mutual claims into the grace of mutual kindness; that which brings courtesy into agreement with sincerity, and harmonizes deference with independence. Only love can subdue the selfish will in either doing or forbearing; only this can give sweetness to command, cheerfulness to obedience, and unity to companionship.

THE EVERGREEN LYRIC.

M. Gérin, during a number of years cashier to the ministry of the interior, used to recount the following anecdote:—"In 1811," said he, "I received an order to pay five thousand francs to a poet who had composed an ode on the occasion of the King of Rome's birth. This production, a perfect specimen of ill-rhymed common-place, and in which 'glory' and 'victory' were happily intertwined with 'laurels' and 'warriors,' had as a chorus the following quatrain:—

"'Si l'étranger, comme un seul homme,
Un jour voulait nous asservir,
Autour du noble Roi de Rome
Jurons de vaincre ou de mourir.'

"In 1821, at the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux, the same lyric appeared on my desk, with the following slight modification of the chorus:—

"'Si, méditant notre ruine,
L'étranger veut nous asservir,
Autour du fils de Caroline
Jurons de vaincre ou de mourir.'

"The Restoration proved less generous than the Empire—it granted the author only three thousand francs. I had quite forgotten the poet and his rhymes, when, after the birth of the Count of Paris, this evergreen ode was once more handed in, with a fresh adaptation to circumstances:—

"'Ah! si l'étranger dans sa haine,
Un jour voulait nous asservir,
Autour du noble fils d'Hélène
Jurons de vaincre ou de mourir.'

"This time the author received two thousand francs. Decidedly the verses were beginning to wear out. At length—would you believe it?—a few days after the Revolution of February, I found in my office the eternal lyric, on this occasion terminating thus:—

"'Si l'étranger dans sa furie,
Un jour voulait nous asservir,
Sur le sol de notre patrie
Jurons de vaincre ou de mourir.'

"The Provisional Government was far from rich; they awarded but two hundred francs to the industrious poet. Thus behold a copy of maudlin verses, adroitly managed, bringing to the author ten thousand two hundred francs; and yet people will tell you that in our age poetry does not find its reward!"

A Curious Calculation.—The twenty-four letters of the alphabet may be transposed 624,448,401,733,239,439,360,000 times. All the inhabitants of the globe, on a rough calculation, could not, in a thousand million of years, write out all the transpositions of the twenty-four letters, even supposing that each wrote forty pages daily, each of which pages contained forty different transpositions of the letters.

HAPPY HOME.

A young man meets a pretty face in the ball-room, falls in love with it, courts it, "marries," goes to housekeeping with it, and boasts of having a home to go to, and a wife. The chances are nine to ten he has neither. Her pretty face gets to be an old story—or becomes faded, or freckled, or fretted—and, as that face was all he wanted, all he "paid attention to," all he sat up with, all he bargained for, all he swore to "love, honor and protect," he gets sick of his trade; knows a dozen faces he likes better; gives up staying at home evenings; consoles himself with cigars and oysters, whiskey punch, and politics, and looks upon his home as a very indifferent boarding-house. A family of children grow up about him; but neither he nor his fair "face" know anything about teaching them; so they come up helter-skelter—made toys of when babies, dolls when boys and girls, drudges when men and women; and so passes year after year, and not one quiet, happy, homely hour is known throughout the whole household. Another young man becomes enamored of a "fortune." He waits upon it to parties, dances the Polka with it, exchanges *billet-doux* with it, pops the question to it, gets "yes" from it, is published to it, goes to the parson's with it, calls it "wife," carries it home, sets up an establishment with it, introduces it to his friends, and says (poor fellow!) that he, too, is married, and has a home. It's false. He is not married; he has got no home; and he soon finds it out. He's in the wrong box; but it's too late to get out of it; he might as well hope to escape from his coffin.— Friends congratulate him, and he has to grin and bear it. They praise the house, the furniture, the cradle, the new Bible, the newer baby; and then bids the "fortune" and him who "husbands" it, good morning! As if he had known a good morning since he and that gilded "fortune" were declared to be one. Take another case. A young woman is smitten with a pair of whiskers. Curled hair never before had such charms. She sets her cap for them; they take. The delighted whiskers make an offer, first one and then the other, proffering themselves both in exchange for one heart. The dear Miss is overcome with magnanimity, closes the bargain, carries home her prize, shows it to her pa and ma, calls herself engaged to it, thinks there was never such a pair (of whiskers) before, and in a few weeks they are married. Married! Yes, the world calls them so, and we will. What is the result? A short honey-moon, and then the unlucky discovery that they are as unlike as chalk and new cheese, and not to be made one, though all the priests in Christendom pronounced them so.

HUMANITY AT HOME.

BY BOWRING.

I honor and I love the mind,
  Whose warm and generous thoughts embrace
The common interest of our kind,
  Through time's long track and earth's wide space,
And like the glorious god of day,
Sheds o'er the world its living ray.

I watch with throbbing heart the zeal,
  Whose all-incorporating plan
Can teach a million souls to feel
  For all that's man's—for all that's Man!
And every human title blend
In those of Brother and of Friend.

I've travelled many a country far,
  Through Finland's wild, or Afric's strand—
And there went with me like a star,
  The glory of my native land,
A star whose light, where'er I trod,
Seemed blazing with the truths of God.

But sometimes sadness came and dwelt
  Within my heart. 'Twas proud to hear
My country's name, but ah! I felt
  That misery dwelt unheeded there;
That hearts were sad, and eyes were wet—
Forgotten—how could I forget?

I would not check the nobly good,
  Who, joy diffusing, widely roam;
But I would whisper, if I could,
  Look round, for there are wrongs at home;
And voices, though but feeble, call
On heav'n—on thee—on me—on all!

Dost thou not hear their cry? To thee,
  Who hears the lightest plaint of woe
That's borne across the distant sea,
  Can their appeal be vain? Oh, no!
Thou did'st but want some tongue to say,
Grief's sons are here, and here are they.

An Example for Boys.—We have had a lad in our employ, who, during the epidemic of the last summer was almost at one moment, deprived of both his parents, by cholera. The father, in dying, left to his son, then about fifteen years of age, a small house, worth, perhaps, four hundred dollars. This house he rents to a family, at a dollar a week, seventy-five cents of which is deducted for his board. He carries papers for us and for an evening journal, receiving, for both, two dollars a week, which sum, with the two shillings of rent, he regularly deposits in the Savings Bank, each Saturday night. The amount which he received for Carrier's Addresses, on New Year's day, will clothe him very comfortably for the coming year, and he will soon be enabled to pay off a small arrear still due upon his house and lot, which will leave that little property clear of incumbrance.

But the best of the story is, that the little fellow is very fond of school, and though obliged to be up at his labors before daylight, is always at his seat in the public school which he attends, at the ringing of the bell, in the morning. In the afternoon, he is obliged to leave, at recess, in order to attend to his duties on the evening paper.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Effects of Proportion.—It is singular that both the outside and the inside of St. Peter's Church, at Rome, although at the first aspect they fill the heart with a sublime sense of majesty, do not appear so vast as they are in reality. Some critics affirm that this is a defect in the structure; others maintain that the gradual development of its grandeur, though it does not immediately convey to the eye an idea of its extraordinary magnitude, is but a consequence of its perfect symmetry; and I believe that these last are in the right. You must frequently have remarked that beautiful human figures, as well male as female, appear less than those of equal size, that are not so well formed. I have often made the same observation on trees. The finest oak I ever saw did not appear to me so tall or so large as others around it, which were less beautiful, and which, in fact, were less in size.—*Count Stolberg's Travels.*

For Housekeepers.

Currant-Raisin Jam.—Wash, drain, seed, and chop fine two pounds of the best bloom or muscatel raisins, and put them into a large pan till wanted. Having stripped them from the stems, squeeze through a linen bag into a large bowl as many ripe currants as will yield three quarts of juice. Sweeten this juice with two pounds and a half of sugar. Having put the minced raisins into a preserving kettle, pour the currant juice over them, and give the whole a hard stirring. Set it over the fire, and boil and skim it, (stirring it down after skimming,) till it is thoroughly done, forming a thick smooth jam or marmalade. When cool, put it into jars. Cork them closely, covering the corks with paper tied down over the top, and set them away in a dry place. It is an excellent jam for common use, and very nice with cream.

To Keep Pine-Apples, without Cooking.—Take large fine pine-apples—the ripest you can procure. Pare and slice them thin, removing the hard core from the centre. Weigh the slices, and to each pound allow a pound of double-refined powdered loaf-sugar. Spread the slices on large flat dishes, with a layer of sugar both under and over them. Let them stand several hours; then put them up (without any cooking) in large glass tumblers, with the syrup that has issued from them; and put a thick layer of sugar at the top of each tumblerful. Cover the glasses closely, and tie a piece of bladder over each.

If the sugar is of the best quality, and the pine-apples ripe and without blemishes, they will keep perfectly well, done as above, and retain the flavor of the fruit better than when cooked. They must be kept in a dry, cool place.

Fine Pine-Apple Marmalade.—Take pine-apples of large size, and as ripe as possible.— Having removed the green leaves, cut each pine-apple (without paring) into four quarters; and then, with a large coarse tin grater, grate them down as near the rind as you can go. Do this in a large dish, carefully saving the juice. Then weigh the grated pine-apple, and to every pound allow three large quarters of a pound of the best double refined loaf-sugar, finely powdered. Too much sugar will, after boiling, cause the marmalade to candy in the jars. Mix with the sugar the pine-apple and all its juice, and put them into a preserving kettle over a moderate but very clear fire. Boil them slowly together, skimming them when necessary, and frequently stirring them up from the bottom with a silver spoon.— Let them boil till they become a very thick smooth mass, of a fine gold color. Put the marmalade warm into glass jars. Lay upon the surface a double tissue paper, cut circular, and fitting exactly; then cover the jars, and tie a piece of bladder over each.

Instead of grating the pine-apple, you may pare, core, and cut it into small thin pieces; but it will require a longer time to boil, and will be less smooth and beautiful. With a coarse grater the trouble is not much.

Agricultural.

WORK IN THE GARDEN.

Should you desire to see your garden an object of just pride to your wife and daughters—should you wish to see it abounding in all those vegetable necessaries and luxuries, which make up so much of the comforts and enjoyments of home, and which add so much to its hospitalities, you must exert your every energy this month. Do not indulge in that erroneous notion, which leads so many into the belief that they have not time to provide a well-filled and appointed garden, as you may rest assured that such a garden is more fruitful of profit than five times the quantity of land occupied in field culture, to say nothing of the convenience resulting to the domestic arrangements of the household, in having *ready at hand* full supplies of vegetables for the table.— But independent of these considerations, there are others which should operate with equal force in deciding the question; it is indispensable to health that vegetable should be freely mixed with animal food, and that to encourage a free use of the former, variety and choice kinds should be presented to tempt the appetite to indulgence.

With these preliminary remarks, we shall ask you to walk with us into your garden, to see what seeds should be now sown, what plants transplanted, and what else may be needed to complete those arrangements necessary to make it worthy of the imitation of your neighbors.

Cauliflowers.—If your cauliflower plants are of sufficient size, you may set them out early this month. In preparing the ground for them, be sure to give the bed you allot for their growth a full dressing of manure, dig it in deeply, and rake thoroughly every few feet, so as to have the soil in fine tilth; your ground thus prepared set out your plants about the same distance as cabbage plants are usually placed.

If you have no plants to set out, and desire to grow some cauliflowers, select a spot of loamy soil, on a warm border facing the south, manure it with stable dung, say about two or three inches deep, and dig that in at least a spade deep, rake as you go, so as to pulverize the soil, then spread thereon about an inch in depth of well rotted manure, rake that in freely, then sow your cauliflower seed, rake them in lightly and pat the earth with the back of your spade. Should the weather prove dry, water so as never to let the plants suffer from drought. This attention to watering must be attended to in their after culture, as there are but few vegetables so liable to injury from drought as is the cauliflower. Occasional waterings of soap-suds improve their growth wonderfully, so will soot tea, made in the proportion of one gallon of soot to ten gallons of water.

Setting out Cabbage Plants.—If you have been provident enough to provide yourself with cabbage plants, set them out early this month. In the first place, select a suitable bed of deep loam, manure it heavily, dig it up nicely to the full depth of the spade, being careful to rake it well as the spring progresses. Then set out your plants about two feet each way, keep them clean, and water in dry seasons, and you cannot fail to have an early supply of collards and well headed cabbages.

Sowing Cabbage Seed.—If you have no early plants, prepare a bed as we have advised for cauliflowers, and sow two or three kinds of early cabbage seed; water the plants in dry weather, and they will be fit to transplant in five or six weeks. The earlier the better you attend to this; if possible, get your seed sowed the first week in this month.

Peas.—Drill in a few rows of peas the first of this week, and continue to do so at intervals of a week throughout the month.

Brussels Sprouts.—Prepare a bed of good loamy soil, by manuring heavily, dig in the manure a spade deep, rake well, then broadcast pretty liberally with a compost formed of seven parts rotten manure and one part ashes; rake that in pretty thoroughly, then sow your seeds, rake in lightly, and roll or pat the bed with the back of a shovel or spade—and in two months you will have a plentiful supply of most delicious sprouts or greens, either for table or market.

Broccoli.—Prepare a bed as recommended for cauliflowers, and sow broccoli seed.

Beans.—Plant beans, of kinds, during this month. If their planting be timed at intervals of a week, during this and the ensuing month, a continuous supply may be secured throughout the season.

Radishes.—Sow Radish seed every few days during the month.

Lettuce.—The same advice as given for Radishes will answer for Lettuce.

Small Salading.—Sow the seeds of all kinds of small salading early this month, and continue to do so throughout the month at intervals of a few days.

Spinach.—No one should consider his garden complete without having a compartment devoted to the culture of this excellent vegetable.— Its effects upon the system are cooling, refreshing and gently aperient, while its flavor and taste is generally approved; and what is still a feather in its cap, if we may so express ourself, is the fact, it may be eaten by persons in sickness, while most other vegetables are prohibited.— The neatest way of growing it, is to cultivate it in drills, about half an inch in depth, nine inches apart. The seed should be sown thin; and when the plants are a few inches high, they are to be thinned out so as to stand about six inches asunder. They must be kept clean with the hoe and hand. Sow early this month, in a bed well manured and well prepared.

Strawberry Beds.—If your strawberry beds have not already been attended to, forthwith have them neatly cleansed of weeds and runners; manure between the rows with well rotted manure, which should be slightly dug in, when the ground should be raked, and have a covering of long straw placed over it, for the triple purpose of keeping down the growth of weeds, maintaining moisture in the soil, and preserving the fruit from grit. While your vines are in blossom, have a care that they do not suffer from drought. To prevent this, it will be well in dry weather to water them pretty freely about three times a week. If you desire fine large berries, add a gallon of soot to thirty gallons of water, and water them with the decoction, taking care always to hold the nozzle of the watering pot sufficiently low to avoid touching the flowers. The best way to prepare this decoction of soot, is to tie the soot up in a bag. In this way you may fill the barrel containing the soot up a second time.

Asparagus Beds.—If you have not done so already, give your asparagus beds a top dressing of manure, which should be forked in, then strew salt over the bed, so as to whiten the entire surface. Salt is one of those ingredients on which this root delights to feed, and is never applied without resulting benefits.

Gooseberries—Currants.—Either the bushes or cuttings of these may now be set out; the sooner the better.

Egg Plants.—The seeds of this vegetable for a *late* crop should be sown very early this month. Select a spot on a warm border, manure it liberally, dig it deep, rake finely, and sow the seed thinly, rake them in lightly and pat the earth with the back of your spade. When the plants come up, should the weather prove dry, water every second or third day. In six or seven weeks the plants will be ready for transplantation.

Setting out Tomatoes.—If you have plants set them out the first good season after the weather shall have become settled, the sooner the better; plant them three feet each way, in ground that has been heavily manured and well worked, both as regards ploughing and harrowing. After your plants become well set, dust them freely with ashes and plaster, equal quantity of each. If the weather should prove dry, water the plants every other day; and in cultivating them be sure to keep down the growth of everything like weeds and grass, until the vines begin to bloom, when they must be left undisturbed to fruit.

Sowing Tomato Seeds.—In the first week of this month, select a good piece of loam on a border facing the south, and sow tomato seed for a late crop. Manure and prepare the ground well, and treat the plants as advised for cauliflowers. Should the plants assume a sickly hue, treat them to a decoction made thus; put a half bushel of horse dung into a barrel, fill that nearly up with water, then put a pound of sulphur and half a gallon of soot into a bag, sink that in the barrel, and after letting it stand a day, water the tomato plants with the liquor; this barrel will bear being filled up two or three times.

As you set out your plants, immerse the roots and stems into a mixture made into the consistency of cream, out of two parts soot and one part flour of sulphur. This will not only ensure healthful action to the growth of the plants, but secure them against the attacks of the cut and grub worms, which so frequently undo in a night what man has done the previous day.

Whilst on this subject we would here introduce some remarks on the culture of the Tomato, received from a correspondent at Abingdon, Harford county, Md.

"In the culture of this vegetable, great advantage may be gained in point of earliness, by sowing a few seed in a pretty large flower pot in the house, at least one month before the usual time of making hot-beds. After the hot-bed is finished the pot may be sunk in the earth, where it can remain until the plants are large enough to transplant. When they are four or five inches high, tomatoes may be forced very freely. Indeed, my own experience convinces me that the best treatment for them is to drench them and scorch them by turns, for if there is a salamander among vegetables, it is, I think, the tomato. When young, however, they are tender, and bear neither heat nor cold very patiently. If plants are sown in the house during winter, they should therefore be well taken care of until the hot-bed is ready to receive them, when they will do well enough. I have some at this time, (March 1st,) that have put forth the rough leaves and are doing remarkably well."—*American Farmer.*

The Olio.

A Long Nose.—A good story is told of Mozart, the great composer, at the time he was a pupil with Haydn. It shows that a long nose is sometimes useful:

Haydn one day challenged his pupil to compose a piece of music which he could not play at sight. Mozart accepted the banter, and a supper and champagne were to be the forfeit. Everything being arranged between the two composers, Mozart took his pen, and in five minutes dashed off a piece of music, and much to the surprise of Haydn handed it to him, saying:

"There is a piece of music which you cannot play, and I can—you are to give it the first trial."

Haydn smiled contemptuously at the visionary presumption of his pupil, and placing the notes before him, struck the keys of the instrument.— Surprised at its simplicity, he dashed away until he reached the middle of the piece, when stopping all at once, he exclaimed:

"How is this, Mozart?—how is this? Here my hands are stretched to both ends of the piano, and yet there's a middle key to be touched.— Nobody can play such music—not even the composer himself."

Mozart smiled at the half-excited indignation of the great master, and taking the seat he had quitted, struck the instrument with an air of self-assurance that Hadyn began to think himself duped. Running along through the simple passages, he came to that part which his teacher had pronounced impossible to be played. Mozart, as many are aware, was favored, or at least endowed, with an extremely long nose—a prodigious nose, which, in modern dialect, "stuck out about a feet." Reaching the difficult passage, he stretched both hands to the extreme end of the piano, and leaning forward, bobbed his nose against the middle key which "nobody could play!" Haydn burst into an immoderate fit of laughter; and, after acknowledging the "corn," declared that nature had endowed Mozart with a capacity for music which he had never before discovered!

A Shark.—We are now approaching the region of dolphins, porpoises, sharks and small whales. Our sailors are rigging their hooks and harpoons. It will be difficult for any thing that comes near us to escape their glittering steel. Their hostility falls mostly on the shark. They regard him as a graver robber. He can expect no mercy. The loudest note of exultation I ever heard on board a man-of-war, was when one of these fellows was brought on board.— "There," said a rough salt, "you have been prowling about here to get a nab at us, and have got nabbed yourself—you old blood-sucker!"— There are three beings that can expect no mercy in misfortune,—a rat, a tyrant, and a shark.— Of the three, I would consent spare the rat; I always associated something respectable with his long tail. But let that pass.—*Colton.*

Randolph of Roanoke.—It is stated in one of the biographies of *John Randolph*, as an instance of his critical knowledge of the English language, that while *Dr. Parrish* attended him as medical adviser, during his last illness, the following scene occurred:

Whilst the doctor was reading for Randolph the word "impetus" occurred. Dr. P. pronounced it "impetus," laying the accent on the second syllable. Randolph, weak and dying as he was, immediately interrupted him with,

"Wrong, doctor; impetus, if you please."

Shortly afterwards, while reading a chapter in the Bible, he read the word "omnipotent," accenting on the third syllable. Randolph exclaimed—

"Wrong again, doctor; 'omnipotent' is the word."

Marriage Slipper.—At a Jewish marriage I was standing beside the bridegroom when the bride entered. As she crossed the threshold, he stooped down and slipped off his shoe, and struck her with the heel on the nape of the neck. I at once saw the interpretation of the passage in Scripture, respecting the transfer of the shoe to another, in case the brother-in-law did not exercise his privilege. The slipper in the East being taken off in-doors, is at hand to administer correction, and is here used in sign of the obedience of the wife, and of the supremacy of the husband. The Highland custom is to strike, for "good luck," as they say, the bride with an old slipper. Little do they suspect the meaning implied.— *Urquhart's Pillars of Hercules.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 5, 15, 10, 16, 17, 12, 21, 17, is the name of a State.
My 2, 13, 22, 4, 6, 17, 14, is a State in Europe.
My 3, 22, 16, 17, is a town in Guatemala.
My 4, 22, 22, 14, 15, is a city in Europe.
My 5, 16, 1, 19, is a river in the United States.
My 6, 15, 21, 19, is one of the five Grand Divisions.
My 7, 6, 10, 10, 19, 15, 15, 6, 13, is an island in Malaysia.
My 8, 16, 7, 22, is a city in Italy.
My 9, 15, 22, 16, is a lake in Lombardy.
My 10, 6, 17, 18, 5, 6, is an island belonging to Egypt.
My 11, 12, 17, 16, 20, 22, 13, is a country in Europe.
My 12, 20, 19, is a city in Birmah.
My 13, 22, 14, is a sea between Asia and Africa.
My 14, 22, 3, 12, 1, 19, 13, 22, is the name of one of the States.
My 15, 21, 6, 7, is a country in Asia.
My 16, 11, 21, 16, is the name of a State.
My 17, 21, 3, 22, 15, is a town in Michigan.
My 18, 16, 20, 22, 13, is a town in Maine.
My 19, 17, 6, 7, is a country in Asia.
My 20, 22, 13, 16, 17, 19, is a town in Europe.
My 21, 3, 4, 5, 17, 16, 21, 15, is the name of a State.
My 22, 8, 21, 22, is a town in New York.
My whole is the name of an officer in the Revolutionary war. C. H.

ENIGMA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Four letters do compose my name,
  I am of great renown;
I'm known by almost every man
  In city or in town.

I'm read by both the grave and gay,
  Good stories I have told;
And still continue the same way,—
  To please both young and old.

The two first letters of my name,
  Will spell a river long;
Look on a chart of Italy,
  You will not guess it wrong.

My fourth, my second, and my first,
  Will form, if put together;
A play thing used by most school boys,
  In cold, and frosty weather.

W. L. S.

A QUESTION.

A vessel consisting of a crew of 650 men set out upon a cruise, with provisions sufficient to sustain them fifteen months. After they had been out at sea three months, they attacked another vessel, and in the engagement lost seventy-five men. After continuing their cruise five months longer they captured and sunk another vessel, and took their entire crew of three hundred and fifty men on board. How long will their provisions sustain the crew from the time they first set out to sea?

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a tallow chandler the most vicious and unfortunate of men?

Ans.—Because all his works are *wicked*, and all his *wicked* works are brought to *light*.

☞ Why are constables so generally shunned as disagreeable acquaintances?

Ans.—They certainly have a very *taking way* with them.

☞ Should my son Jack come to the door and rap, what reformer's name would you speak?

Ans.—John Knox—John knocks.

☞ Why is a short negro like a white man?

Ans.—Because he is not AT ALL black.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—Matthew Franklin Ash.

QUESTION.

Whole number 22,500; Peter's share 4,050, John's 7,515, Joseph's 3,540, William's 7,425.

RIDDLE.—The prisoner was his son.

Varieties.

Present State of the Field of Waterloo.—A recent visit to the field of battle discloses extensive changes. The plain is rapidly losing its original character. 'Picton's tree has been cut down by the ruthless farmer to whom the ground on which it stood belongs; and the forest of Soignies has been so cut away that the outline it presented at the time of the battle can no longer be recognized, and the last vestiges of the wood are vanishing from the face of the earth. It appears that the King of Holland, eager to turn his kingdom into cash as quickly as he could, sold the timber to the Bank of Belgium, and the Bank (which has since failed) sold it away in lots to divers purchasers. The fate of the forest, therefore, was to be cut down:—Even the Duke of Wellington, who had a gift from the King of a thousand acres, sold his lot; so that, at the present moment, little more remains than a few clumps of white beech, like specters haunting the green places of the ancient wood. The plain of Waterloo itself, too, is greatly altered. A large establishment for the manufacture of beet-root sugar, casts its heavy shadow over the spot where the last crash of bayonets scattered the disordered retinue of Napoleon. Cottages have sprung up by the road-side; the greater part of the field is now industriously cultivated; and small enclosures, filled with shrubs and gardens, have displaced that tone of desolation which formerly gave such a melancholy aspect to the scene.— The chateau of Hougomont alone retains its early characteristics. The ruin remains just as it was after the battle, making a reasonable allowance for the decay and patching of more than a quarter of a century. There is the orchard neglected and overgrown with rank grass and leafy weeds; the shattered walls, the mouldering chapel with the black marks of the fire still upon its crumbling sides, and a thousand names scrawled and daubed upwards even to its roof.

Why Women are Unhealthy.—Many of the physical evils—the want of vigor, the inaction of system, the languor and hysterical affections —which are so prevalent among the delicate young women of the present day, may be traced to a want of well-tutored mental power and well-exercised self-control, and to an absence of fixed habits of employment. Real cultivation of the intellect—earnest exercise of the moral powers —the enlargement of the mind by the acquirement of knowledge, and the strengthening of its capabilities for effort, for firmness, for endurance of inevitable evils, and for energy to combat causes that may be overcome, are the ends which education has to attain; [illegible] become infirmity. The power of the mind over the body is immense. Let that power be called forth; let it be trained and exercised, and vigor of body and mind will be the result. There is a homely, unpolished saying, that "it is better to wear out than to rust out;" but it tells a plain truth: rust consumes faster than use. Better—a million times better—to work hard, even to the shortening of existence, than to sleep and eat away this precious gift of life, giving no other cognizance of its possession.— By work or industry of whatever kind it may be, we give a practical acknowledgment of the value of life, of its high intentions, of its manifold duties. Earnest, active industry is a living hymn of praise, a never-failing source of happiness; it is obedience, for it is God's great law for moral existence.—*The Physical Training of Girls at School, by Madame de Wahl.*

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CHAPTER XXIII.